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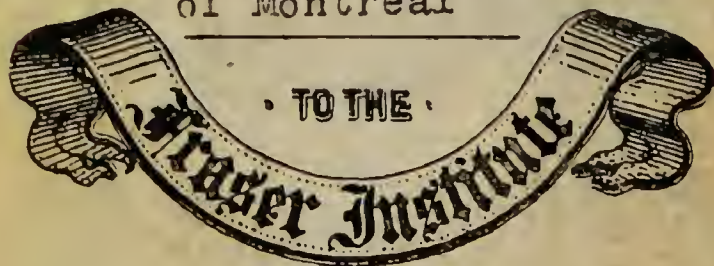
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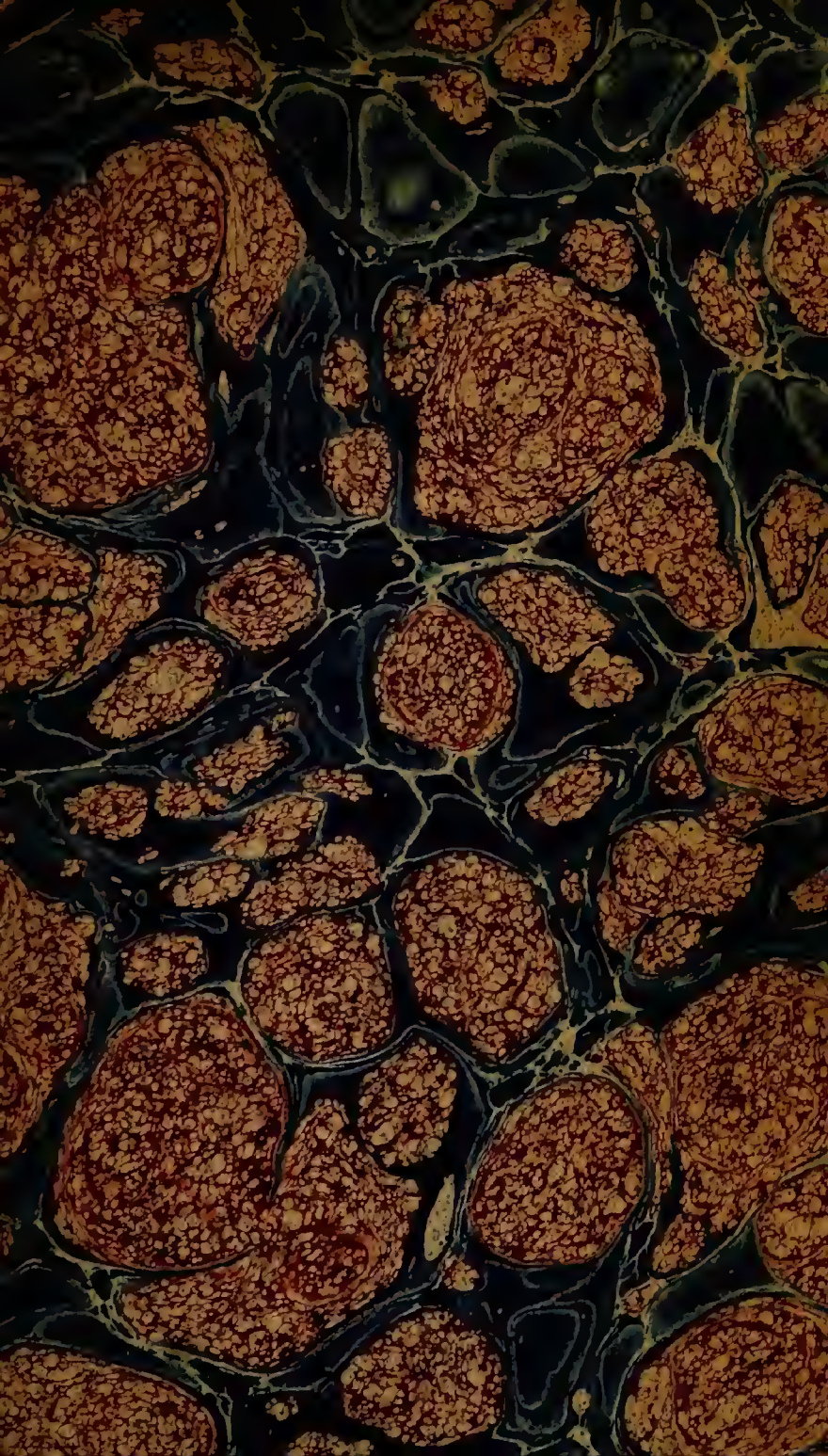
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THE  
SPIRIT  
OF THE  
BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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VOL. II.

CONTAINING  
THE SPECTATOR.

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**C. WOOD, Printer,**  
**Poppin's Court, Fleet Street,**

THE  
**Spirit**

OF THE

**BRITISH ESSAYISTS;**

COMPRISING

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WORLD,  
MIRROR, AND  
LOUNGER.

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**A new Edition.**

**IN SIX VOLUMES.**

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**VOL. II.**

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**LONDON:**

**PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, LUDGATE STREET.**

**1817.**

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# Select Papers

FROM THE

## SPECTATOR.

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*Abnormis sapiens.* — Hor. Sat. ii, lib. ii, ver. 3.  
Of plain good sense, untutor'd in the schools.

I WAS this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and, advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and as we stood before it he entered into the matter, after his blunt way, of saying things as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

“It is,” said he, “worth while to consider the force of dress; and how the persons of one age differ from those of another merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one genera-



tion to another. Thus the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and an half broader; besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no longer than mine were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the tilt-yard, which is now a common street before Whitehall. You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot: he shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you, Sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him, with incredible force, before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy: however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery where his mistress sat, for they were rivals, and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I do not know but it might be exactly where the coffee house is now.

"You are to know, this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court: you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the tilt-yard, you may be sure, won the fair lady, who was a maid of honour, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next picture. You see, Sir, my great great grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the



waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court she became an excellent country wife: she brought ten children, and when I show you the library you shall see in her own hand, allowing for the difference of the language, the best receipt now in England, both for an hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

“If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view. These are three sisters: she on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid: the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will: this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution; for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families: the theft of this romp and so much money was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing): you see he sits with one hand on a desk, writing, and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sonnetteer. He was one of those who had too much wit to know how to live in the world. He was a man of no justice, but great good manners. He ruined everybody that had any thing to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life. The most indolent person in the world: he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten

thousand pounds debt upon it; but however, by all hands I have been informed, that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back, that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honour I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner:—"This man," pointing to him I looked at, "I take to be the honour of our house: Sir Humphrey de Coverley. He was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life; and therefore dreaded, though he had great talents, to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth: all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet

he did not slacken his industry, but, to a decent old age, spent the life and fortune, which was superfluous to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbours."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars: "For," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester." The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity. R.

---

*Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.*

VIRG. *Æn.* ii, ver. 755.

All things are full of horror and affright,  
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night. DRYDEN.

AT a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being, who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, "feedeth the young ravens that call upon him." I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason, as I have been told in the family, no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it

after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head; to which he added, that, about a month ago, one of the maids coming home late that way, with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that, if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the association of ideas, has very curious remarks, to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set, that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and sprights have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet, let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, pos-



sibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives ; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that is apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without a head : and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me, with a good deal of mirth, that, at his first coming to his estate, he found three parts of his house altogether useless ; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up ; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night ; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family, that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it ; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or a daughter had died. The knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother, ordered all the apartments to be flung open and exercised by his chaplain, who lay in every one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears, which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all histo-



rians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable: he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd, unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us, that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases, that included each other whilst they were joined in the body, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus, not so much for the sake of the story itself, as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words: —“ Glaphyra, the daughter of King Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands, being married to a third (who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage), had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards

her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when, in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: ‘Glaphyra,’ says he, ‘thou hast made good the old saying, That women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third; nay, to take for thy husband a man, who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother. However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever.’ Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those kings: besides that the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul and of divine providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his opinion to himself; but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue.”

. L.

---

*Inter silvas academi quærere verum.*

HOR. Ep. ii, lib. ii, ver. 45.

To search for truth in academic groves.

THE course of my last speculation led me insensibly into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the immortality of the soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing

hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn,

*First*, From the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality ; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

*Secondly*, From its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

*Thirdly*, From the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity are all concerned in that great point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it ; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created ? Are such abilities made for no purpose ? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass ; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of ; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a per-

petual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

— *Hæres*

*Hæredem ulterius, velut unda supervenit undam.*

HOR. Ep. ii, lib. ii, ver. 175.

• — Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood

Wave urges wave.

CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silkworm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly



climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity.

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this, of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such unexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to



conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness. L.

---

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νομῶ ὡς διακρίνται,  
Τιμᾶ ———

PYTHAG.

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,  
Worship th' immortal gods.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain, the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman,

has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular: and that, in order to make them kneel and join in their responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common prayer-book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it, he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though

exerted in that odd manner, which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side: and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place, and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire, and the 'squire to be revenged on the parson never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists, and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every

Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers, either in public or private, this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it. L.

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— *Hærent infixi pectori vultus.*

— VIRG. *Æn.* iv,

Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.

IN my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house: as soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand



of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her, and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my heart to more than what I had ever had before; and he gave the picture of that cheerful mind of his, which it received through the which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors, who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood for the sake of my fame, and in country sports and recreations for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and, in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rode well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with



music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court, to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature, who was born for destruction of all who beheld her, put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff that was become a slave to the widow. During the time her cause was going on, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I, but the whole court, was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, Sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures, that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences. Hence it is that she has

ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship ; she is always accompanied by a confident, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

“ However, I must needs say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so, by one, who thought he rallied me ; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well and move altogether, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that, if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that, if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house, I was admitted to her presence with

great civility ; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed, but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me ‘ whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars.’ Her confident sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turning to her, says, ‘ I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.’ They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me, which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature — But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other, and yet I have been credibly informed ; — but who can believe half that is said ? After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings ex-



cellently : her voice, in her ordinary speech, has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country ; she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition : for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her ; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature ! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men.”

I found my friend began to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company ; and I am convinced, that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend’s discourse ; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet, according to that of Martial which one knows not how to render into English, *Dum tacet, hanc loquitur*. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents, with much humour, my honest friend’s condition.

*Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufo ;*

*Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur :*

*Cænat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est*

*Nævia, si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.*

*Scriberet hesternæ patri cum luce salutem,*

*Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, æve.*

Epig. lxxix, lib. 1.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,  
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk ;  
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,  
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.  
He writ to his father, ending with this line,  
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

R.

————— *Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*

Juv. Sat. x, ver. 356.

A healthy body and a mind at ease.

BODILY labour is of two kinds ; either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.



I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part, as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered, that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at, without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase; and, when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use? Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chace, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them, that, for distinction sake, has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me, that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated, and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body,

according to the idea which I have given of it. Dr. Sydenham is very lavish in its praises; and, if the English reader would see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since, under the title of *Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb-bell, that is placed in the corner of my room, and pleases me the more, because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me while I am ringing.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises, that is written with great erudition: it is there called the *σκιομαχία*, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time, which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day, when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation. I.

——— *Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.*

VIRG. Ecl. viii, ver. 120.

Their own imaginations they deceive.

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides, in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches? my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather (to speak my thoughts freely), I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as witchcraft; but, at the same time, can give no credit to any particular instance of it.



I am engaged in this speculation, by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway:—

“ In a close lane, as I pursu’d my journey,  
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,  
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.  
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall’d and red :  
Cold palsy shook her head ; her hands seem’d wither’d ;  
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp’d  
The tatter’d remnants of an old strip’d hanging,  
Which serv’d to keep her carcase from the cold :  
So there was nothing of a piece about her.  
Her lower weeds were all o’er coarsely patch’d  
With diff’rent colour’d rags, black, red, white, yellow,  
And seem’d to speak variety of wretchedness.”

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country ; that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried *Amen* in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make her butter come so soon as she would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the



churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay," says Sir Roger, "I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering, Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broom staff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat, that sat in the chimney corner, "which," as the knight told me, "lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself: for, besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have plaid several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat."

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her, as a justice of peace, "to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbours' cattle." We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me, "that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the night-mare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond, and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain."

I have since found, upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had

been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions had not his chaplain, with much ado, persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch, that is the innocent occasion of so many evils, begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards these poor decrepit parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

L.

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*Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.*

PUB. SYR. FRAG.

An agreeable companion on the road is as good as a coach.

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world; if the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise, there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public: a man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes: as we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time: during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

“The first of them,” says he, “that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man: he is just within the game act, and qualified to kill a hare or pheasant: he knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges: in short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

“The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments; he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution: his father left him fourscore pounds a year: but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not

now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him "that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them." Will it seems had been giving his fellow-travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him, "that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river." My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man, who would not give his judgment rashly, "that much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it; upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the county, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, "That he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit." I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.



Upon his first rising, the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a signpost before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment: and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him, at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter, by the knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to



the face, and, by a little aggravation of the features, to change it into the Saracen's head. I should not have known this story, had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that "his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it." Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly, if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence: but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, "That much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels. L.

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Μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν.

A great book is a great evil.

A MAN, who publishes his works in a volume, has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in loose tracts and single pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky volume till after some heavy preamble, and several words of course, to prepare the reader

for what follows: nay, authors have established it as a kind of rule, that a man ought to be dull sometimes; as the most severe reader makes allowance for many rests and nodding places in a voluminous writer. This gave occasion to the famous Greek proverb, which I have chosen for my motto, that a great book is a great evil.

On the contrary, those who publish their thoughts in distinct sheets, and as it were by piecemeal, have none of these advantages. We must immediately fall into our subject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our papers are thrown by as dull and insipid: our matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the turn it receives from our expressions. Were the books of our best authors thus to be retailed to the public, and every page submitted to the taste of forty or fifty thousand readers, I am afraid we should complain of many flat expressions, trivial observations, beaten topics, and common thoughts, which go off very well in the lump. At the same time, notwithstanding some papers may be made up of broken hints and irregular sketches, it is often expected that every sheet should be a kind of treatise, and make out in thought what it wants in bulk: that a point of humour should be worked up in all its parts; and a subject touched upon in its most essential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements that are indulged to longer labours. The ordinary writers of morality prescribe to their readers after the Galenic way; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An essay writer must practise in the chemical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books reduced thus to their quintessence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny paper: there would be scarce such a thing in nature as a folio: the works

of an age would be contained on a few shelves; not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the difficulty of furnishing out separate papers of this nature has hindered authors from communicating their thoughts to the world after such a manner; though I must confess I am amazed that the press should only be made use of in this way by newswriters, and the zealots of parties; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind to be instructed in wisdom and virtue than in politics; and to be made good fathers, husbands, and sons, than counsellors and statesmen. Had the philosophers and great men of antiquity, who took so much pains in order to instruct mankind, and leave the world wiser and better than they found it; had they, I say, been possessed of the art of printing, there is no question but they would have made such an advantage of it, in dealing out their lectures to the public. Our common prints would be of great use were they thus calculated to diffuse good sense through the bulk of a people, to clear up their understandings, animate their minds with virtue, dissipate the sorrows of a heavy heart, or unbend the mind from its more severe employments with innocent amusements. When knowledge, instead of being bound up in books, and kept in libraries and retirements, is thus obtruded upon the public; when it is canvassed in every assembly, and exposed upon every table; I cannot forbear reflecting upon that passage in the Proverbs, "Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the opening of the gates. In the city she uttereth her words, saying, 'How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorers delight in their scorning? and fools hate knowledge?'"

The many letters, which come to me from persons of the best sense in both sexes (for I may pronounce their characters from their way of writing), do not a little encourage me in the prosecution of this my undertaking; besides that my bookseller tells me the demand for these my papers increases daily. It is at his instance that I shall continue my rural speculations to the end of this month; several having made up separate sets of them as they have done before of those relating to wit, to operas, to points of morality, or subjects of humour.

I am not at all mortified, when sometimes I see my works thrown aside by men of no taste nor learning. There is a kind of heaviness and ignorance that hangs upon the minds of ordinary men, which is too thick for knowledge to break through. Their souls are not to be enlightened.

—————*Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.*

VIRG. *Æn.* ii, ver. 360.

Dark night surrounds them with her hollow shade.

To these I must apply the fable of the mole, that, after having consulted many oculists for the bettering of his sight, was at last provided with a good pair of spectacles; but upon his endeavouring to make use of them, his mother told him very prudently, "That spectacles, though they might help the eye of a man, could be of no use to a mole." It is not therefore for the benefit of moles that I publish these my daily essays.

But besides such as are moles through ignorance, there are others who are moles through envy. As it is said in the Latin proverb, "That one man is a wolf to another;" so, generally speaking, one author is a mole to another author. It is impossible for them to discover beauties in one another's works; they have eyes only for spots and ble-



mishes: they can indeed see the light, as it is said of the animals which are their namesakes, but the idea of it is painful to them; they immediately shut their eyes upon it, and withdraw themselves into a wilful obscurity. I have already caught two or three of these dark, undermining vermin, and intend to make a string of them, in order to hang them up in one of my papers, as an example to all such voluntary moles.

C:

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*Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella :*

*Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.*

VIRG. ÆN. vi, ver. 832.

Embrace again, my sons, be foes no more,  
Nor stain your country with her children's gore.

DRYDEN.

MY worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a schoolboy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane; upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him "a young Popish cur," and asked him "who had made Anne a saint?" The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, "which was the way to Anne's Lane;" but was called "a prick-eared cur" for his pains, and, instead of being shown the way, was told, "that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged." "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but, going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious arti-

fice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints, naturally breaks out in falshood, detraction, calunny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, "that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because," says he, "if you indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you." I might here observe, how ad-

mirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object) answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote ; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece deprecated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight and entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England, who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations: and abusive scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story, that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known, undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies, that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulatus of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelfes and Gibelines, and France by those who were for and against the League: but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem, if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, "If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind."



For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association for the support of one another, against the endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: on the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow subjects as Whigs and Tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy. C.

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— *Concordia discors.* LUCAN. lib. i, ver. 18.

Harmonious discord.

WOMEN in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them therefore keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not *draw* too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in

every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said, we may conclude, men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good humour of the wife. When these are rightly tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.

Natural historians observe (for whilst I am in the country I must fetch my allusions from thence), that only the male birds have voices; that their songs begin a little before breeding time, and end a little after; that whilst the hen is covering her eggs, the male generally takes his stand upon a neighbouring bough within her hearing: and by that means amuses and diverts her with his songs during the whole time of her sitting.

This contract among birds lasts no longer than till a brood of young ones arises from it; so that, in the feathered kind, the cares and fatigues of the married state, if I may so call it, lie principally upon the female. On the contrary, as in our species the man and the woman are joined together for life, and the main burden rests upon the former, nature has given all the little arts of soothing and blandishments to the female, that she may cheer and animate her companion in a constant and assiduous application to the making a provision for his family, and the educating of their common children. This,

however, is not to be taken so strictly, as if the same duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both parties; but only to set forth what seems to have been the general intention of nature in the different inclinations and endowments, which are bestowed on the different sexes.

But whatever was the reason that man and woman were made with this variety of temper, if we observe the conduct of the fair sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a person who resembles them in that light and volatile humour, which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counterbalance it. It has been an old complaint, that the coxcomb carries it with them before the man of sense. When we see a fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favourite: noise and flutter are such accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the passion of an ordinary woman for a man is nothing else but self-love diverted upon another object: she would have the lover a woman in every thing but the sex. I do not know a finer piece of satire on this part of womankind than those lines of Mr. Dryden:—

“ Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form,  
And empty noise, and loves itself in man.”

This is a source of infinite calamities to the sex, as it frequently joins them to men, who, in their own thoughts, are as fine creatures as themselves; or, if they chance to be good humoured, serve only to dissipate their fortunes, inflame their follies, and aggravate their indiscretions.

The same female levity is no less fatal to them after marriage than before; it represents to their imaginations the faithful, prudent husband as an honest, tractable, and domestic animal; and turns

their thoughts upon the fine, gay gentleman, that laughs, sings, and dresses so much more agreeably.

As this irregular vivacity of temper leads astray the hearts of ordinary women in the choice of their lovers, and the treatment of their husbands, it operates with the same pernicious influence towards their children, who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime perfections that appear captivating in the eye of their mother. She admires in her son what she loved in her gallant : and by that means contributes all she can to perpetuate herself in a worthless progeny.

The younger Faustina was a lively instance of this sort of women. Notwithstanding she was married to Marcus Aurelius, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the Roman emperors, she thought a common gladiator much the prettier gentleman ; and had taken such care to accomplish her son Commodus according to her own notions of a fine man, that when he ascended the throne of his father he became the most foolish and abandoned tyrant that was ever placed at the head of the Roman empire, signalizing himself in nothing but the fighting of prizes and knocking out men's brains. As he had no taste of true glory, we see him in several medals and statues, which are still extant of him, equipped like an Hercules with a club and a lion's skin.

I have been led into this speculation by the characters I have heard of a country gentleman and his lady, who do not live many miles from Sir Roger. The wife is an old coquette, that is always hankering after the diversions of the town ; the husband a morose rustic, that frowns and frets at the name of it. The wife is overrun with affectation, the husband sunk into brutality ; the lady cannot bear the noise of the larks and nightingales, hates your tedious summer days, and is sick at the



sight of shady woods and purling streams; the husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the fooleries of plays and operas, and rails from morning to night at essenced fobs and tawdry courtiers. The children are educated in these different notions of their parents. The sons follow the father about his grounds, while the daughters read volumes of love letters and romances to their mother. By this means it comes to pass, that the girls look upon their father as a clown, and the boys think their mother no better than she should be.

How different are the lives of Aristus and Aspatia! The innocent vivacity of the one is tempered and composed by the cheerful gravity of the other. The wife grows wise by the discourses of the husband, and the husband good humoured by the conversation of the wife. Aristus would not be so amiable were it not for his Aspatia, nor Aspatia so much esteemed were it not for her Aristus. Their virtues are blended in their children, and diffuse through the whole family a perpetual spirit of benevolence, complacency, and satisfaction.

C.

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— *Qui, aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.* TULL.

That man is guilty of impertinence, who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and, attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county-town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day fol-

lowing. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant, who waited upon me, inquired of the chamberlain, in my hearing, what company he had for the coach? The fellow answered, "Mrs. Betty Arable the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go); young squire Quickset her cousin, that her mother wished her to be married to; Ephraim the quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb, from Sir Roger de Coverley's." I observed, by what he said of myself, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports for the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me. The next morning at day break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the meantime, the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud, that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloak-bag was fixed in the seat of the coach; and the captain himself, according to a frequent though invidious behaviour of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting the coach box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity; and we had not moved above two miles when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting? The

officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her, "That indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent: take me yourself, widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it, but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town; we will awake this pleasant companion, who is fallen asleep, to be the brideman; and" (giving the quaker a clap on the knee) he concluded, "this sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father." The quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoureth of folly: thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee, if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee: but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou

art, thou sayest, a soldier ; give quarter to us who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou flee at our friend, who feigned himself asleep ? he said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth ; if thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it is an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee : to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain, with a happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time), cries, " Faith, friend, I thank thee ; I should have been a little impertinent, if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future ; and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation, fell under Ephraim ; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behaviour of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place, as going to London, of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them : but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the



other a suffering. What therefore Ephraim said, when we were almost arrived in London, had to me an air, not only of good understanding but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim delivered himself as follows :—"There is no ordinary part of human life, which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him. Such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof, but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend," continued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: but be advised by a plain man; modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man; therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such an one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldest rejoice to see my peaceable demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it." T.

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*Parthis mendacior*

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HOR. Ep. i, lib. ii. ver. 112.

A greater liar Parthia never bred.

ACCORDING to the request of this strange fellow I shall print the following letter:—

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I shall, without any manner of preface or apology, acquaint you, that I am, and ever have been,

from my youth upward, one of the greatest liars this island has produced. I have read all the moralists upon the subject, but could never find any effect their discourses had upon me, but to add to my misfortune by new thoughts and ideas, and making me more ready in my language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming truths with my improbabilities. With this strong passion towards falshood in this kind, there does not live an honester man or a sincerer friend ; but my imagination runs away with me, and, whatever is started, I have such a scene of adventures appears in an instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, though to my immediate confusion I cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the first man I meet.

“ Upon occasion of the mention of the battle of Pultowa, I could not forbear giving an account of a kinsman of mine, a young merchant who was bred at Moscow, that had too much mettle to attend books of entries and accounts when there was so active a scene in the country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a volunteer : this warm youth, born at the instant the thing was spoken of, was the man who unhorsed the Swedish general ; he was the occasion that the Moscovites kept their fire in so soldier-like manner, and brought up those troops which were covered from the enemy at the beginning of the day ; besides this, he had at last the good fortune to be the man who took Count Piper. With all this fire I knew my cousin to be the civilest creature in the world. He never made any impertinent show of his valour ; and then he had an excellent genius for the world in every other kind. I had letters from him (here I felt in my pockets), that exactly spoke the Czar’s character, which I knew perfectly well : and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his imperial majesty twice or thrice a week all the while he lodged

at Deptford. What is worse than all this, it is impossible to speak to me but you give me some occasion of coming out with one lie or other, that has neither wit, humour, prospect of interest, or any other motive that I can think of in nature. The other day, when one was commending an eminent and learned divine, what occasion in the world had I to say, 'Methinks he would look more venerable if he were not so fair a man?' I remember the company smiled. I have seen the gentleman since, and he is coal black. I have intimations every day in my life that nobody believes me, yet I am never the better. I was saying something the other day to an old friend at Will's coffee house, and he made me no manner of answer; but told me, that an acquaintance of Tully the orator having two or three times together said to him, without receiving any answer, that upon his honour he was but that very month forty years of age; Tully answered, 'Surely you think me the most incredulous man in the world, if I don't believe what you have told me every day these ten years.' The mischief of it is, I find myself wonderfully inclined to have been present at every occurrence that is spoken of before me: this has led me into many inconveniences, but indeed they have been the fewer because I am no ill-natured man, and never speak things to any man's disadvantage. I never directly defame; but I do what is as bad in the consequence, for I have often made a man say such and such a lively expression, who was born a mere elder brother. When one has said in my hearing, 'Such-a-one is no wiser than he should be,' I immediately have replied, 'Now 'faith I can't see that; he said a very good thing to my Lord Such-a-one, upon such an occasion,' and the like. Such an honest dolt as this has been watched in every expression he uttered, upon my recommendation of him, and consequently been

subject to the more ridicule. I once endeavoured to cure myself of this impertinent quality, and resolved to hold my tongue for seven days together: I did so; but then I had so many winks and unnecessary distortions of my face upon what any body else said, that I found I only forbore the expression, and that I still lied in my heart to every man I met with. You are to know one thing (which I believe you'll say is a pity, considering the use I should have made of it), I never travelled in my life; but I do not know whether I could have spoken of any foreign country with more familiarity than I do at present, in company who are strangers to me. I have cursed the inns in Germany; commended the brothels at Venice, the freedom of conversation in France: and, though I was never out of this dear town and fifty miles about it, have been three nights together dogged by braves for an intrigue with a cardinal's mistress at Rome.

“ It were endless to give you particulars of this kind; but I can assure you, Mr. Spectator, there are about twenty or thirty of us in this town (I mean by this town the cities of London and Westminster), I say there are in town a sufficient number of us to make a society among ourselves; and, since we cannot be believed any longer, I beg of you to print this my letter, that we may meet together, and be under such regulation as there may be no occasion for belief or confidence among us. If you think fit we might be called the Historians, for liar is become a very harsh word. And that a member of this society may not hereafter be ill received by the rest of the world, I desire you would explain a little this sort of men, and not let us historians be ranked, as we are in the imaginations of ordinary people, among common liars, make-bates, impostors, and incendiaries. For your instruction herein you are to know, that a historian in conver-



sation is only a person of so pregnant a fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary occurrences. I know a man of quality of our order, who is the wrong side of forty-three, and has been of that age, according to Tully's jest, for some years since, whose vein is upon the romantic. Give him the least occasion, and he will tell you something so very particular that happened in such a year, and in such a company, where, by the bye, was present such a one, who was afterwards made such a thing. Out of all these circumstances, in the best language in the world, he will join together, with such probable incidents, an account that shows a person of the deepest penetration, the honestest mind, and withal something so humble, when he speaks of himself, that you would admire. Dear Sir, why should this be lying? there is nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so venerable and great! Another of these historians is a young man, whom we would take in, though he extremely wants parts; as people send children, before they can learn any thing, to school, to keep them out of harm's way. He tells things which have nothing at all in them, and can neither please nor displease, but merely take up your time to no manner of purpose, no manner of delight; but he is good-natured, and does it because he loves to be saying something to you and entertain you.

"I could name you a soldier, that has done very great things without slaughter: he is prodigiously dull and slow of head; but what he can say is for ever false, so that we must have him.

"Give me leave to tell you of one more, who is a lover; he is the most afflicted creature in the world, lest what happened between him and a great beauty should ever be known. Yet again he comforts himself: 'Hang the jade, her woman. If money can keep the slut trusty I will do it, though

I mortgage every acre. Antony and Cleopatra for that : all for love, and the world well lost.'

"Then, Sir, there is my little merchant, honest Indigo of the 'Change, there is my man for loss and gain ; there is tare and tret ; there is lying all round the globe : he has such a prodigious intelligence ; he knows all the French are doing, and what we intend or ought to intend ; and has it from such hands. But alas ! whither am I running ! While I complain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a lie, and there is not one such person of quality, lover, soldier, or merchant, as I have now described, in the whole world, that I know of. But I will catch myself once in my life, and, in spite of nature, speak one truth, to wit, that I am

T.

"Your humble Servant, &c."

——— *Noris quam elegans formarum spectator siem.*

TER. Eun. act iii, sc. 5.

You shall see how nice a judge of beauty I am.

BEAUTY has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. The philosophers have felt its influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some saying or other, which intimated that he too well knew the power of it. One has told us, that a graceful person is a more powerful recommendation than the best letter that can be writ in your favour. Another desires the possessor of it to consider it as a mere gift of nature, and not any perfection of his own. A third calls it a short-lived tyranny ; a fourth, a silent fraud, because it imposes upon us without the help of language ; but I think Carneades spoke as much like a philosopher as any of them, though more like a lover, when he called it royalty without force. It is not indeed

to be denied, that there is something irresistible in a beauteous form; the most severe will not pretend that they do not feel an immediate prepossession in favour of the handsome. No one denies them the privilege of being first heard, and being regarded before others in matters of ordinary consideration. At the same time the handsome should consider that it is a possession, as it were, foreign to them. No one can give it himself, or preserve it when they have it. Yet, so it is, that people can bear any quality in the world better than beauty. It is the consolation of all who are naturally too much affected with the force of it, that a little attention, if a man can attend with judgment, will cure them. Handsome people usually are so fantastically pleased with themselves, that if they do not kill at first sight, as the phrase is, a second interview disarms them of all their power. But I shall make this paper rather a warning-piece to give notice where the danger is, than to propose instructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in the way of it. Handsome men shall be the subjects of another chapter; the women shall take up the present discourse.

Amaryllis, who has been in town but one winter, is extremely improved with the arts of good breeding, without leaving nature. She has not lost the native simplicity of her aspect, to substitute that patience of being stared at, which is the usual triumph and distinction of a town lady. In public assemblies you meet her careless eye diverting itself with objects around her, insensible that she herself is one of the brightest in the place.

Dulcissa is quite of another make; she is almost a beauty by nature, but more than one by art. If it were possible for her to let her fan or any limb about her rest, she would do some part of the execution she meditates; but though she designs her-

self a prey, she will not stay to be taken. No painter can give you words for the different aspects of Dulcissa in half a moment, wherever she appears; so little does she accomplish what she takes so much pains for, to be gay and careless.

Merab is attended with all the charms of woman and accomplishments of man. It is not to be doubted but she has a great deal of wit, if she were not such a beauty; and she would have more beauty had she not so much wit. Affectation prevents her excellencies from walking together. If she has a mind to speak such a thing, it must be done with such an air of her body; and if she has an inclination to look very careless, there is such a smart thing to be said at the same time, that the design of being admired destroys itself. Thus the unhappy Merab, though a wit and beauty, is allowed to be neither, because she will always be both.

Albacinda has the skill as well as power of pleasing. Her form is majestic, but her aspect humble. All good men should beware of the destroyer. She will speak to you like your sister till she has you sure; but is the most vexatious of tyrants when you are so. Her familiarity of behaviour, her indifferent questions, and general conversation, make the silly part of her votaries full of hopes, while the wise fly from her power. She well knows she is too beautiful and too witty to be indifferent to any who converse with her, and therefore knows she does not lessen herself by familiarity, but gains occasions of admiration, by seeming ignorance of her perfections.

Eudisia adds to the height of her stature a nobility of spirit which still distinguishes her above the rest of her sex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in Eudisia it is commanded: love towards Eudisia is



a sentiment like the love of glory. The lovers of other women are softened into fondness, the admirers of Eudisia exalted into ambition.

Eucratia presents herself to the imagination with a more kindly pleasure, and as she is woman, her praise is wholly feminine. If we were to form an image of dignity in a man, we should give him wisdom and valour, as being essential to the character of manhood. In like manner, if you describe a right woman in a laudable sense, she should have gentle softness, tender fear, and all those parts of life, which distinguish her from the other sex; with some subordination to it, but such an inferiority that makes her still more lovely. Eucratia is that creature, she is all over woman, kindness is all her art, and beauty all her arms. Her look, her voice, her gesture, and whole behaviour, is truly feminine. A goodness mixed with fear, gives a tincture to all her behaviour. It would be savage to offend her, and cruelty to use art to gain her. Others are beautiful, but, Eucratia, thou art beauty !

Omniamante is made for deceit; she has an aspect as innocent as the famed Lucrece, but a mind as wild as the more famed Cleopatra. Her face speaks a vestal, but her heart a Messalina. Who that beheld Omniamante's negligent, unobserving air, would believe that she hid under that regardless manner the witty prostitute, the rapacious wench, the prodigal courtesan? She can, when she pleases, adorn those eyes with tears like an infant that is chid; she can cast down that pretty face in confusion, while you rage with jealousy, and storm at her perfidiousness; she can wipe her eyes, tremble and look affrighted, till you think yourself a brute for your rage, own yourself an offender, beg pardon, and make her new presents.

But I go too far in reporting only the dangers in

beholding the beauteous, which I design for the instruction of the fair as well as their beholders; and shall end their rhapsody with mentioning what I thought was well enough said of an ancient sage to a beautiful youth, whom he saw admiring his own figure in brass. "What," said the philosopher, "could that image of yours say for itself, if it could speak?" "It might say," answered the youth, "That it is very beautiful." "And are not you ashamed," replied the Cynic, "to value yourself upon that only of which a piece of brass is capable?" T.

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*Maximas virtutes jacere omnes necesse est, voluptate dominante.*

TULL. de Fin.

In the pursuit of pleasure, the greatest virtues lie neglected.

I KNOW no one character that gives reason a greater shock, at the same time that it presents a good ridiculous image to the imagination, than that of a man of wit and pleasure about the town. This description of a man of fashion, spoken by some with a mixture of scorn and ridicule, by others with great gravity as a laudable distinction, is in every body's mouth that spends any time in conversation. My friend Will Honeycomb has this expression very frequently; and I never could understand by the story which follows, upon his mention of such a one, but that his man of wit and pleasure was either a drunkard too old for wenching, or a young lewd fellow with some liveliness, who would converse with you, receive kind offices of you, and at the same time debauch your sister, or lie with your wife. According to his description, a man of wit, when he could have wenches for crowns apiece, which he liked quite as well, would be so extrava-

gant as to bribe servants, make false friendships, fight relations. I say, according to him, plain and simple vice was too little for a man of wit and pleasure; but he would leave an easy and accessible wickedness, to come at the same thing with only the addition of certain falshood and possible murder. Will thinks the town grown very dull, in that we do not hear so much as we used to do of these coxcombs, whom (without observing it) he describes as the most infamous rogues in nature, with relation to friendship, love, or conversation.

When pleasure is made the chief pursuit of life, it will necessarily follow that such monsters as these will arise from a constant application to such blandishments as naturally root out the force of reason and reflection, and substitute in their place a general impatience of thought, and a constant pruriency of inordinate desire.

Pleasure, when it is a man's chief purpose, disappoints itself: and the constant application to it palls the faculty of enjoying it, though it leaves the sense of our inability for that we wish, with a disrelish of every thing else. Thus the intermediate seasons of the man of pleasure are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest criminal. Take him when he is awaked too soon after a debauch, or disappointed in following a worthless woman without truth, and there is no man living whose being is such a weight or vexation as his is. He is an utter stranger to the pleasing reflections in the evening of a well spent day, or the gladness of heart or quickness of spirit in the morning after profound sleep or indolent slumbers. He is not to be at ease any longer than he can keep reason and good sense without his curtains; otherwise he will be haunted with the reflection, that he could not believe such a one the woman that upon trial he found her. What has he got by

his conquest, but to think meanly of her, for whom a day or two before he had the highest honour? and of himself, for perhaps wronging the man, whom of all men living he himself would least willingly have injured?

Pleasure seizes the whole man who addicts himself to it, and will not give him leisure for any good office in life which contradicts the gaiety of the present hour. You may indeed observe in people of pleasure a certain complacency and absence of all severity, which the habit of a loose, unconcerned life gives them; but tell the man of pleasure your secret wants, cares, or sorrows, and you will find he has given up the delicacy of his passions to the cravings of his appetites. He little knows the perfect joy he loses, for the disappointing gratification which he pursues. He looks at pleasure as she approaches, and comes to him with the recommendation of warm wishes, gay looks, and graceful motion; but he does not observe how she leaves his presence with disorder, impotence, downcast shame, and conscious imperfection. She makes our youth inglorious, our age shameful.

Will Honeycomb gives us twenty intimations in an evening, of several hags whose bloom was given up to his arms; and would raise a value to himself for having had, as the phrase is, very good women. Will's good women are the comfort of his heart, and support him, I warrant, by the memory of past interviews with persons of their condition. No, there is not in the world an occasion wherein vice makes so fantastical a figure, as at the meeting of two old people who have been partners in unwarrantable pleasure. To tell a toothless old lady that she once had a good set, or a defunct wench that he was once the admired thing of the town, are satires instead of applauses; but, on the other side, consider the old age of those who have passed their



days in labour, industry, and virtue, their decays make them appear but the more venerable, and the imperfections of their bodies are beheld as a misfortune to human society that their make is so little durable.

But to turn more directly to my man of wit and pleasure. In all orders of men, wherever this is the chief character, the person who wears it is a negligent friend, father, and husband, and entails poverty on his unhappy descendants. Mortgages, diseases, and settlements, are the legacies a man of wit and pleasure leaves to his family. All the poor rogues, that make such lamentable speeches after every sessions at Tyburn, were, in their way, men of wit and pleasure, before they fell into the adventures which brought them thither.

Irresolution and procrastination in all a man's affairs are the natural effects of being addicted to pleasure; dishonour to the gentleman, and bankruptcy to the trader, are the portion of either, whose chief purpose of life is delight. The chief cause, that this pursuit has been in all ages received with so much quarter from the soberer part of mankind, has been that some men of great talents have sacrificed themselves to it : the shining qualities of such people have given a beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a mixture of wit has recommended madness. For let any man, who knows what it is to have passed much time in a series of jollity, mirth, wit, or humorous entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a-doing, and he will find that he has been at one instant sharp to some man he is sorry to have offended, impertinent to some one it was cruelty to treat with such freedom, ungracefully noisy at such a time, unskilfully open at such a time, unmercifully calumnious at such a time; and from the whole course of his applauded satisfactions, unable in the end to recollect any circumstance which

can add to the enjoyment of his own mind alone, or which he would put his character upon with other men. Thus it is with those who are best made for becoming pleasures; but how monstrous is it in the generality of mankind who pretend this way, without genius or inclination towards it? The scene then is wild to an extravagance; this is as if fools should mimic madmen. Pleasure of this kind is the intemperate meals and loud jollities of the common rate of country gentlemen, whose practice and way of enjoyment is to put an end, as fast as they can, to that little particle of reason they have when they are sober; these men of wit and pleasure dispatch their senses as fast as possible by drinking till they cannot taste, smoking till they cannot see, and roaring till they cannot hear. T.

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Οἱ ἅ περ φύλλων γενεὴ τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

HOM. II. vi, ver. 146.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found. POPE.

THERE is no sort of people whose conversation is so pleasant as that of military men, who derive their courage and magnanimity from thought and reflection. The many adventures which attend their way of life makes their conversation so full of incidents, and gives them so frank an air in speaking of what they have been witnesses of, that no company can be more amiable than that of men of sense who are soldiers. There is a certain irregular way in their narrations, or discourse, which has something more warm and pleasing than we meet with among men, who are used to adjust and methodize their thoughts.

I was this evening walking in the fields with my friend Captain Sentry, and I could not, from the many relations which I drew him into of what passed when he was in the service, forbear expressing

my wonder, that the fear of death, which we, the rest of mankind, arm ourselves against with so much contemplation, reason, and philosophy, should appear so little in camps, that common men march into open breaches, meet opposite battalions, not only without reluctance but with alacrity. My friend answered what I said in the following manner : “ What you wonder at may very naturally be the subject of admiration to all who are not conversant in camps ; but when a man has spent some time in that way of life, he observes a certain mechanic courage, which the ordinary race of men become masters of from acting always in a crowd : they see indeed many drop, but then they see many more alive : they observe themselves escape very narrowly, and they do not know why they should not again. Besides which general way of loose thinking, they usually spend the other part of their time in pleasures upon which their minds are so entirely bent, that short labours or dangers are but a cheap purchase of jollity, triumph, victory, fresh quarters, new scenes, and uncommon adventures. Such are the thoughts of the executive part of an army, and indeed of the gross of mankind in general ; but none of these men of mechanical courage have ever made any great figure in the profession of arms. Those, who are formed for command, are such as have reasoned themselves, out of a consideration of greater good than length of days, into such a negligence of their being, as to make it their first position, that it is one day to be resigned ; and since it is, in the prosecution of worthy actions and service of mankind they can put it to habitual hazard. The event of our designs, they say, as it relates to others, is uncertain ; but as it relates to ourselves it must be prosperous, while we are in the pursuit of our duty, and within the terms upon which Providence has insured our happiness, whether we die or live. All that nature has prescribed must be good : and



as death is natural to us, it is absurdity to fear it. Fear loses its purpose when we are sure it cannot preserve us, and we should draw resolution to meet it from the impossibility to escape it. Without a resignation to the necessity of dying, there can be no capacity in man to attempt any thing that is glorious; but when they have once attained to that perfection, the pleasures of life spent in martial adventures are as great as any of which the human mind is capable. The force of reason gives a certain beauty, mixed with the conscience of well-doing and thirst of glory, to all which before was terrible and ghastly to the imagination. Add to this, that the fellowship of danger, the common good of mankind, the general cause, and the manifest virtue you may observe in so many men, who made no figure till that day, are so many incentives to destroy the little consideration of their own persons. Such are the heroic part of soldiers, who are qualified for leaders: as to the rest, whom I before spoke of, I know not how it is, but they arrive at a certain habit of being void of thought, insomuch that on occasion of the most imminent danger they are still in the same indifference. Nay, I remember an instance of a gay Frenchman, who was led on in battle by a superior officer, whose conduct it was his custom to speak of always with contempt and raillery, and in the beginning of the action received a wound he was sensible was mortal; his reflection on this occasion was, ‘I wish I could live another hour, to see how this blundering coxcomb will get clear of this business.’

“I remember two young fellows who rode in the same squadron of a troop of horse, who were ever together; they eat, they drank, they intrigued: in a word, all their passions and affections seemed to tend the same way, and they appeared serviceable to each other in them. We were in the dusk of the evening to march over a river, and the troop



these gentleman belonged to were to be transported in a ferry-boat as fast as they could. One of the friends was now in the boat, while the other was drawn up with others by the water-side, waiting the return of the boat. A disorder happened in the passage by an unruly horse ; and a gentleman, who had the rein of his horse negligently under his arm, was forced into the water by his horse jumping over. The friend on the shore cried out, ' Who's that drowned now ? ' He was immediately answered, ' Your friend Harry Thomson.' He very gravely replied, ' Ay, he had a mad horse.' This short epitaph from such a familiar, without more words, gave me, at that time under twenty, a very moderate opinion of the friendship of companions. Thus is affection and every other motive of life, in the generality rooted out by the present busy scene about them ; they lament no man whose capacity can be supplied by another ; and where men converse without delicacy, the next man you meet will serve as well as he whom you have lived with half your life. To such, the devastation of countries, the misery of inhabitants, the cries of the pillaged, and the silent sorrow of the great unfortunate, are ordinary objects ; their minds are bent upon the little gratifications of their own senses and appetites, forgetful of compassion, insensible of glory, avoiding only shame ; their whole heart is taken up with the trivial hope of meeting and being merry. These are the people who make up the gross of the soldiery : but the fine gentleman, in that band of men, is such as I have now in my eye, who is foremost in all danger to which he is ordered. His officers are his friends and companions, as they are men of honour and gentlemen ; the private men his brethren, as they are of his species. He is beloved of all that behold him : they wish him in danger as he views their ranks, that they may have occasion to save

him at their own hazard. Mutual love is the order of the files where he commands; every man afraid for himself and his neighbour, not lest their commander should punish them, but lest he should be offended. Such is his regiment who knows mankind, and feels their distresses so far as to prevent them. Just in distributing what is their due, he would think himself below their tailor to wear a snip of their clothes in lace upon his own; and below the most rapacious agent, should he enjoy a farthing above his own pay. Go on, brave man, immortal glory is thy fortune, and immortal happiness thy reward.” C.

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*Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti  
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum  
Caligat, nubem cripiam.*——

VIRG. ÆN. xi, ver. 604.

The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,  
Hangs o'er the eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,  
I will remove——

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled 'The Visions of Mirza, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:—

“ On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a pro-

found contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock, that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs, that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

“ He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, ‘ Cast thy eyes eastward,’ said he, ‘ and tell me what thou seest.’ ‘ I see,’ said I, ‘ a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.’ ‘ The valley that thou seest,’ said he, ‘ is the vale of misery ; and the tide of water, that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity.’ ‘ What is the reason,’ said I, ‘ that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other ?’ ‘ What thou seest,’ said he, ‘ is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,’ said he, ‘ this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.’ ‘ I see a bridge,’ said I, ‘ standing in the midst of the tide.’ ‘ The bridge thou seest,’ said he, ‘ is human life ; consider it attentively.’ Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. ‘ But tell me further,’ said he, ‘ what thou discoverest on it.’ ‘ I see multitudes of people passing over it,’ said I, ‘ and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.’ As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it ; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were



set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

“There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

“I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands; and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

“The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it; ‘Take thine eyes off the bridge,’ said he, ‘and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend.’ Upon looking up, ‘What mean,’ said I, ‘those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures,

harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh; 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there

was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

C.

——— *Servetur ad imum  
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 126.

Preserve consistency throughout the whole.

NOTHING, that is not a real crime, makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world, as inconstancy, especially when it regards religion or party. In either of these cases, though a man perhaps does but his duty in changing his side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great articles of life, therefore, a man's conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed, that worldly advantages may seem to have no share in it, for mankind will be ill natured enough to think he does not change sides out of principle, but either out of levity of temper or prospects of interest. Converts and renegadoes of all kinds should take particular care to let the world see they act upon honourable motives; or, whatever approbations they may receive from themselves, and applauses from those they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the scorn of all good men, and the public marks of infamy and derision.

Irresolution on the schemes of life, which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal causes of all our disquiet and unhappiness. When ambition pulls one way, interest another, inclination a third, and perhaps reason contrary to all, a man is likely to pass his time but ill who has so many different parties to please. When the mind hovers among such a variety of allurements, one had better settle on a way of life that is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without deter-



mining our choice, and go out of the world, as the greatest part of mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one method of setting ourselves at rest in this particular, and that is by adhering stedfastly to one great end, as the chief and ultimate aim of all our pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the dictates of reason, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal design, we may go through life with steadiness and pleasure ; but if we act by several broken views, and will not only be virtuous but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value set upon it by the world, we shall live and die in misery and repentance.

One would take more than ordinary care to guard one's self against this particular infection, because it is that which our nature very strongly inclines us to ; for, if we examine ourselves thoroughly, we shall find, that we are the most changeable beings in the universe. In respect of our understanding, we often embrace and reject the very same opinions ; whereas beings above and beneath us have probably no opinions at all, or at least no wavering and uncertainties in those they have. Our superiors are guided by intuition, and our inferiors by instinct. In respect of our wills, we fall into crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the eyes of our great Judge, and pass our whole life in offending and asking pardon. On the contrary, the beings underneath us are not capable of sinning, nor those above us of repenting. The one is out of the possibilities of duty, and the other fixed in an eternal course of sin, or an eternal course of virtue.

There is scarce a state of life, or stage in it, which does not produce changes and revolutions in the mind of man. Our schemes of thought in infancy are lost in those of youth ; these too take a different turn in

manhood, till old age often leads us back into our former infancy. A new title or an unexpected success throws us out of ourselves, and in a manner destroys our identity. A cloudy day or a little sunshine have as great an influence on many constitutions as the most real blessings or misfortunes. A dream varies our being and changes our condition while it lasts; and every passion, not to mention health and sickness, and the great alterations in body and mind, makes us appear almost different creatures. If a man is so distinguished among other beings by this infirmity, what can we think of such as make themselves remarkable for it, even among their own species? It is a very trifling character to be one of the most variable beings of the most variable kind, especially if we consider that he, who is the great standard of perfection, has in him no shadow of change, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

As this mutability of temper, and inconsistency with ourselves, is the greatest weakness of human nature, so it makes the person, who is remarkable for it, in a very particular manner, more ridiculous than any other infirmity whatsoever, as it sets him in a greater variety of foolish lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an opposition of party coloured characters. The most humorous character in Horace is founded upon this unevenness of temper and irregularity of conduct : —

——— *Sardus habebat*

*Ille Tigellius hoc : Cæsar, qui cogere posset,  
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non  
Quidquam proficeret : si collibuisset, ab ovo  
Usque ad malum citaret Io Bacche, modo summa  
Voce, modo hac, resonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.  
Nil æquale homini fuit ille : sæpe velut qui  
Currebat fugiens hostem ; persæpe velut qui  
Junonis sacra ferret. Habebat sæpe ducentos,*

*Sæpe decem servos : modo reges atque tetrarchas,  
Omnia magna loquens : modo, Sit mihi mensa tripes, et  
Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,  
Quamvis crassa, queat. Decies centena dedisses  
Huic parco, paucis contento ; quinque diebus  
Nil erat in oculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum  
Mane : diem totum stertebat. Nil fuit unquam  
Sic impar sibi———*

HOR. Sat. iii, lib. i.

Instead of translating this passage in Horace, I shall entertain my English reader with a description of a parallel character, that is wonderfully well finished, by Mr. Dryden, and raised upon the same foundation.

“ In the first rank of these did Zimri stand :  
A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong :  
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long :  
But in the course of one revolving moon  
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon :  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking ;  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.  
Blest madman, who could every hour employ  
With something new, to wish or to enjoy.”

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*Sic vita erat ; facile omnes perferre ac pati :  
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his sese dedere,  
Eorum obsequi studiis : advorsus nemini ;  
Nunquam præponens se aliis : ita facillime  
Sine invidia invenias laudem.———*

TER. Andr. act i, sc. 1.

His manner of life was this : to bear with every body's humours ; to comply with the inclinations and pursuits of those he conversed with ; to contradict nobody ; never to assume a superiority over others. This is the ready way to gain applause without exciting envy.

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if

nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of affliction is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of good-nature, and which I shall choose for the subject of this day's speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good-breeding. For, if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicry of good-nature, or, in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper reduced into an art.

These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real good-nature; but without it are like hypocrisy in religion, or a



bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us: health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world, are great cherishers of it where they find it, but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon, in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the philanthropy, or good-nature of his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable instances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the several parts of his life. Nay, on his deathbed, he describes him as being pleased, that, while his soul returned to him who made it, his body should incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind. For which reason he gives his sons a positive order not to enshrine it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as the life was gone out of it.

An instance of such an overflowing of humanity, such an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered into the imagination of a writer, who had not a soul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind.

In that celebrated passage of Sallust, where Cæsar and Cato are placed in such beautiful but opposite lights; Cæsar's character is chiefly made up of good-nature, as it showed itself in all its forms towards his friends or his enemies, his servants or dependants, the guilty or the distressed. As for Cato's character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man. A being, who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works;

but he, whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderated, and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous characters in human nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe temper in a worthless man.

This part of good-nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of faults, is to be exercised only in doing ourselves justice, and that too in the ordinary commerce and occurrences of life; for, in the public administration of justice, mercy to one may be cruelty to others.

It is grown almost into a maxim, that good-natured men are not always men of the most wit. This observation, in my opinion, has no foundation in nature. The greatest wits I have conversed with are men eminent for their humanity. I take therefore this remark to have been occasioned by two reasons. First, because ill-nature among ordinary observers passes for wit. A spiteful saying gratifies so many little passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good reception. The laugh rises upon it, and the man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd satirist. This may be one reason, why a great many pleasant companions appear so surprisingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be merry in print; the public being more just than private clubs or assemblies in distinguishing between what is wit and what is ill-nature.

Another reason why the good-natured man may sometimes bring his wit in question is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with compassion for those misfortunes or infirmities, which another would turn into ridicule, and by that means gain the reputation of a wit. The ill-natured man, though but of equal parts, gives himself a larger field to expatiate in; he exposes those failings in human nature which the other would cast a veil over, laughs

at vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon friends or enemies, exposes the person who has obliged him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his character of a wit. It is no wonder therefore he succeeds in it better than the man of humanity, as a person who makes use of indirect methods is more likely to grow rich than the fair trader. L.



*In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia : injuriæ,  
Suspiciones, inimicitiae, induciæ,  
Bellum, pax rursum* ——— TER. Eun. act i, sc. 1.

All these inconveniences are incident to love : reproaches, jealousies, quarrels, reconcilements, war, and then peace.

UPON looking over the letters of my female correspondents, I find several from women complaining of jealous husbands, and at the same time protesting their own innocence ; and desiring my advice on this occasion. I shall therefore take this subject into my consideration ; and the more willingly, because I find, that the Marquis of Halifax, who, in his *Advice to a Daughter*, has instructed a wife how to behave herself towards a false, an intemperate, a choleric, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly husband, has not spoken one word of a jealous husband.

Jealousy is that pain which a man feels from the apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the person whom he entirely loves. Now, because our inward passions and inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his suspicions. His thoughts hang at best in a state of doubtfulness and uncertainty, and are never capable of receiving any satisfaction on the advantageous side ; so that his inqui-

ries are most successful when they discover nothing; his pleasure arises from his disappointments, and his life is spent in a pursuit of a secret that destroys his happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent love is always a strong ingredient in this passion; for the same affection which stirs up the jealous man's desires, and gives the party beloved so beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same passion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary love, it is of so delicate a nature that it scorns to take up with any thing less than an equal return of love. Not the warmest expressions of affection, the softest and most tender hypocrisy, are able to give any satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the affection is real, and the satisfaction mutual. For the jealous man wishes himself a kind of deity to the person he loves: he would be the only pleasure of her senses, the employment of her thoughts; and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes delight in, besides himself.

Phædria's request to his mistress, upon his leaving her for three days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

*Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sis :*

*Dies noctesque me ames : me desideres :*

*Me somnies : me expectes : de me cogites :*

*Me speres : me te oblectes : mecum tota sis :*

*Meus fac sis postremo animus, quando ego sum tuus.*

TER. Eun. act i, sc. 2.

“ When you are in company with that soldier, behave as if you were absent : but continue to love me by day and by night ; want me ; dream of me ; expect me ; think of me ; wish for me ; delight in me ; be wholly with me ; in short, be my very soul, as I am yours.”

The jealous man's disease is of so malignant a nature, that it converts all it takes into its own nourish-



ment. A cool behaviour sets him on the rack, and is interpreted as an instance of aversion or indifference ; a foud one raises his suspicions, and looks too much like dissimulation and artifice. If the person he loves be cheerful, her thoughts must be employed on another ; and, if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no word or gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new hints, feeds his suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh matters of discovery ; so that, if we consider the effects of this passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred, than an excessive love ; for certainly none can meet with more disquietude and uneasiness than a suspected wife, if we except the jealous husband.

But the great unhappiness of this passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the affection which it is so solicitous to engross : and that for these two reasons, because it lays too great a constraint on the words and actions of the suspected person, and, at the same time, shows you have no honourable opinion of her ; both of which are strong motives to aversion.

Nor is this the worst effect of jealousy ; for it often draws after it a more fatal train of consequences, and makes the person you suspect guilty of the very crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate friend that will hear their complaints, condole with their sufferings, and endeavour to sooth and assuage their secret resentments. Besides, jealousy puts a woman often in mind of an ill thing, that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her imagination with such an unlucky idea, as in time grows familiar, excites desire, and loses all the shame and horror which might at first attend it. Nor is it a wonder if she, who suffers wrongfully in a man's opinion of her, and has, therefore, nothing to forfeit in his

esteem, resolves to give him reason for his suspicions, and to enjoy the pleasure of the crime, since she must undergo the ignominy. Such probably were the considerations that directed the wise man in his advice to husbands: "Be not jealous over the wife of thy bosom, and teach her not an evil lesson against thyself." (Eccl. ix. 1.)

And here, among the other torments which this passion produces, we may usually observe, that none are greater mourners than jealous men, when the person who provoked their jealousy is taken from them. Then it is that their love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the mixtures of suspicion which choked and smothered it before. The beautiful parts of the character rise uppermost in the jealous husband's memory, and upbraid him with the ill usage of so divine a creature as was once in his possession; whilst all the little imperfections, that were before so uneasy to him, wear off from his remembrance, and show themselves no more.

We may see, by what has been said, that jealousy takes the deepest root in men of amorous dispositions; and of these we may find three kinds, who are most overrun with it.

The first are those who are conscious to themselves of an infirmity, whether it be weakness, old age, deformity, ignorance, or the like. These men are so well acquainted with the unamiable part of themselves, that they have not the confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own merits, that all fondness towards them puts them out of countenance, and looks like a jest upon their persons. They grow suspicious on their first looking in a glass, and are stung with jealousy at the sight of a wrinkle. A handsome fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their wives.

A second sort of men, who are most liable to this

passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful tempers. It is a fault very justly found in histories composed by politicians, that they leave nothing to chance or humour, but are still for deriving every action from some plot and contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual scheme of causes and events, and preserving a constant correspondence between the camp and the council table. And thus it happens in the affairs of love with men of too refined a thought.

They put a construction on a look, and find out a design in a smile; they give new senses and significations to words and actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with fancies of their own raising. They generally act in a disguise themselves, and, therefore, mistake all outward shows and appearances for hypocrisy in others; so that I believe no men see less of the truth and reality of things than these great refiners upon incidents, who are so wonderfully subtle and overwise in their conceptions.

Now, what these men fancy they know of women by reflection, your lewd and vicious men believe they have learned by experience. They have seen the poor husband so misled by tricks and artifices, and in the midst of his inquiries so lost and bewildered in a crooked intrigue, that they still suspect an under-plot in every female action; and, especially where they see any resemblance in the behaviour of two persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same design in both. These men, therefore, bear hard upon the suspected party, pursue her close through all her turnings and windings, and are too well acquainted with the chace, to be flung off by any false steps or doubles: besides, their acquaintance and conversation has lain wholly among the vicious part of womankind, and therefore it is no wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole sex as a species of impostors. But if,



notwithstanding their private experience, they can get over these prejudices, and entertain a favourable opinion of some women; yet their own loose desires will stir up new suspicions from another side, and make them believe all men subject to the same inclinations with themselves.

Whether these or other motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern histories of America, as well as from our own experience in this part of the world, that jealousy is no northern passion, but rages most in those nations that lie nearest the influence of the sun. It is a misfortune for a woman to be born between the tropics; for there lie the hottest regions of jealousy, which as you come northward, cools all along with the climate, till you scarce meet with any thing like it in the polar circle. Our own nation is very temperately situated in this respect; and if we meet with some few disordered with the violence of this passion, they are not the proper growth of our country, but are many degrees nearer the sun in their constitutions than in their climate.

After this frightful account of jealousy and the persons who are most subject to it, it will be but fair to show by what means the passion may be best allayed, and those who are possessed with it set at ease. Other faults, indeed, are not under the wife's jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her observation; but jealousy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deserves all her art and application in the attempt: besides, she has this for her encouragement, that her endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the affection of her husband rising towards her in proportion as his doubts and suspicions vanish: for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a mixture of love in jealousy as is well worth the separating. But this shall be the subject of another paper.

L.



*Credula res amor est* —

OVID. Met. lib. vii, ver. 826.

The man who loves is easy of belief.

HAVING, in my yesterday's paper, discovered the nature of jealousy, and pointed out the persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply myself to my fair correspondents, who desire to live well with a jealous husband, and to ease his mind of its unjust suspicions.

The first rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the jealous man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications; he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to draw a satire on himself out of a panegyric on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the person, but to direct the character; and is secretly pleased or confounded as he finds more or less of himself in it. The commendation of any thing in another stirs up his jealousy, as it shows you have a value for others besides himself; but the commendation of that, which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shows, that, in some respects, you prefer others before him. Jealousy is admirably described in this view by Horace in his ode to Lydia.

*Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi*

*Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi*

*Laudas brachia; væ, meum*

*Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:*

*Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color*

*Certa sede manet; humor et in genas*

*Furtim labitur, arguens*

*Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.*

Od. xiii. lib. i.

When Telephus his youthful charms,  
His rosy neck and winding arms,

With endless rapture you recite,  
And in the pleasing name delight,  
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,  
With numberless resentments beats;  
From my pale cheek the colour flies,  
And all the man within me dies:  
By turns my hidden grief appears  
In rising sighs and falling tears,  
That show too well the warm desires,  
The silent, slow, consuming fires,  
Which on my inmost vitals prey,  
And melt my very soul away.

The jealous man is not indeed angry if you dislike another; but if you find those faults which are to be found in his own character, you discover not only your dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of engrossing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm, which he believes has power to raise it; and if he finds by your censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other qualifications, and that by consequence your affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his temper be grave or sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed admirer of prudence, or any other quality he is master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your conversation with him, and to let in light upon your actions, to unravel all your designs, and discover every secret, however trifling or indifferent. A jealous husband has a particular aversion to winks and whispers, and if he does not see to the bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his fears and suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief confidant, and where he finds him-

self kept out of a secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you preserve the character of your sincerity, uniform and of a piece; for if he once finds a false gloss put upon any single action, he quickly suspects all the rest; his working imagination immediately takes a false hint, and runs off with it into several remote consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own misery.

If both these methods fail, the best way will be to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill opinion he entertains of you, and the inquietudes he himself suffers for your sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous pleasure in the jealousy of those who love them, that insult over an aching heart, and triumph in their charms, which are able to excite so much uneasiness.

*Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.*

Juv. Sat. vi. ver. 208.

Though equal pains her peace of mind destroy,  
A lover's torments give her spiteful joy.

But these often carry the humour so far, till their affected coldness and indifférence quite kills all the fondness of a lover, and are then sure to meet in their turn with all the contempt and scorn that is due to so insolent a behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable, a melancholy, dejected carriage, the usual effects of injured innocence, may soften the jealous husband into pity, make him sensible of the wrong he does you, and work out of his mind all those fears and suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good effect, that he will keep his jealousy to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a weakness, and will therefore hide it from your knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill effect it

may produce, in cooling your love towards him or diverting it to another.

There is still another secret, that can never fail, if you can once get it believed, and which is often practised by women of greater cunning than virtue: this is to change sides for a while with the jealous man, and to turn his own passion upon himself; to take some occasion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the example he himself hath set you. This counterfeited jealousy will bring him a great deal of pleasure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much love goes along with this passion, and will, besides, feel something like the satisfaction of a revenge in seeing you undergo all his own tortures. But this, indeed, is an artifice so difficult, and at the same time so disingenuous, that it ought never to be put in practice but by such as have skill enough to cover the deceit, and innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this essay with the story of Herod and Mariamne, as I have collected it out of Josephus, which may serve almost as an example to whatever can be said on this subject.

Mariamne had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit, and youth could give a woman, and Herod all the love that such charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous disposition. In the midst of this his fondness for Mariamne, he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was represented to Mark Antony, who immediately summoned Herod into Egypt, to answer for the crime that was there laid to his charge. Herod attributed the summons to Antony's desire of Mariamne, whom therefore, before his departure, he gave into the custody of his uncle Joseph, with private orders to put her to death if any such violence was offered to himself. This Joseph was much delighted with Mariamne's conversation,



and endeavoured, with all his art and rhetoric, to set out the excess of Herod's passion for her; but when he still found her cold and incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain instance of her lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him, which plainly showed, according to Joseph's interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous instance of a wild, unreasonable passion, quite put out, for a time, those little remains of affection she still had for her lord. Her thoughts were so wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that she could not consider the kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him in her imagination rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. Herod was at length acquitted and dismissed by Mark Antony, when his soul was all in flames for his Mariamne; but before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's conversation and familiarity with her in his absence. This therefore was the first discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and Herod poured out his whole soul to her in the warmest protestations of love and constancy; when, amidst all his sighs and languishings, she asked him, whether the private orders he left with his uncle Joseph were an instance of such an inflamed affection? The jealous king was immediately roused at so unexpected a question, and concluded his uncle must have been too familiar with her before he would have discovered such a secret. In short, he put his uncle to death, and with difficulty prevailed upon himself to spare Mariamne.

After this he was forced on a second journey into

Egypt, when he committed his lady to the care of Sohemus, with the same private orders he had before given his uncle, if any mischief befel him. In the meanwhile Mariamne so won upon Sohemus by her presents and obliging conversation, that she drew all the secret from him with which Herod had intrusted him; so that, after his return, when he flew to her with all the transports of joy and love, she received him coldly, with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred up his indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own hands, had he not feared he himself should have become the greater sufferer by it. It was not long after this when he had another violent return of love upon him; Mariamne was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments; but she declined his embraces, and answered all his fondness with bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. This behaviour so incensed Herod, that he very hardly refrained from striking her, when, in the heat of their quarrel, there came in a witness, suborned by some of Mariamne's enemies, who accused her to the king of a design to poison him. Herod was now prepared to hear any thing in her prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to be stretched upon the rack, who, in the extremity of his tortures, confessed, that his mistress's aversion to the king arose from something Sohemus had told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to Sohemus, who now lay under the same suspicions and sentence that Joseph had before him on the like occasion. Nor would Herod rest here; but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life, and, by his authority with the judges, had her publicly condemned and executed.

Herod, soon after her death, grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the public administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black considerations, which naturally arise from a passion, made up of love, remorse, pity, and despair. He used to rave for his Mariamne, and to call upon her in his distracted fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object by public storms, which at that time very nearly threatened him. L.

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— *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*

VIRG. *Æn.* i, ver. 15.

And dwells such fury in celestial breasts?

THERE is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the world calls zeal. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say, it would have been for the benefit of mankind if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. It is certain, where it is once laudable and prudential, it is an hundred times criminal and erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal violence in all religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the subdivisions of each religion in particular.

We are told by some of the Jewish rabbins, that the first murder was occasioned by a religious controversy; and if we had the whole history of zeal, from the days of Cain to our own times, we would see it filled with so many scenes of slaughter and bloodshed as would make a wise man very careful how he suffers himself to be actuated by such a principle, when it only regards matters of opinion and speculation.

I would have every zealous man examine his heart thoroughly, and I believe he will often find, that what he calls a zeal for his religion is either pride, interest, or ill-nature. A man, who differs from another in opinion, sets himself above him in his own judgment, and in several particulars pretends to be the wiser person. 'This is a great provocation to the proud man, and gives a very keen edge to what he calls his zeal. And that this is the case very often, we may observe from the behaviour of some of the most zealous for orthodoxy, who have often great friendships and intimacies with vicious, immoral men, provided they do but agree with them in the same scheme of belief. The reason is, because the vicious believer gives the precedency to the virtuous man, and allows the good Christian to be the worthier person, at the same time that he cannot come up to his perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite passage, which we see quoted in almost every system of ethics, though upon another occasion.

——— *Video meliora proboque,*

*Deteriora sequor* —— OVID Met. lib. vii. ver. 20.

I see the right, and I approve it too ;

Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

TATE.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our zeal were true and genuine, we should be much more angry with a sinner than a heretic ; since there are several cases which may excuse the latter before his great Judge, but none which can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great inflamer, and sets a man on persecution under the colour of zeal. For this reason we find none are so forward to promote the true worship by fire and sword as those who find their present account in it. But I shall extend the word interest to a larger meaning than what is gene-



rally given it, as it relates to our spiritual safety and welfare as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private opinions. Every proselyte is like a new argument for the establishment of his faith. It makes him believe, that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the reason of others as well as to his own. And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often into an opinion of his zeal, may appear from the common behaviour of the atheist, who maintains and spreads his opinions with as much heat as those who believe they do it only out of a passion for God's glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful imitator of zeal. Many a good man may have a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in some measure quelled and subdued by religion: but if it finds any pretence of breaking out, which does not seem to him inconsistent with the duties of a Christian, it throws off all restraint, and rages in its full fury. Zeal is therefore a great ease to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God service, whilst he is gratifying the bent of a perverse, revengeful temper. For this reason we find that most of the massacres and devastations, which have been in the world, have taken their rise from a furious pretended zeal.

I love to see a man zealous in a good matter, and especially when his zeal shows itself for advancing morality, and promoting the happiness of mankind: but when I find the instruments he works with are racks and gibbets, galleys and dungeons; when he imprisons men's persons, confiscates their estates, ruins their families, and burns the body to save the soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such an one, that, whatever he may think of his faith and religion, his faith is vain, and his religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous species of men, who, one would not think had any existence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary conversation; I mean the zealots in atheism. One would fancy, that these men, though they fall short, in every other respect, of those who make a profession of religion, would at least outshine them in this particular, and be exempt from that single fault, which seems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of religion; but so it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceness and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the safety of mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper colours. They are a sort of gamesters, who are eternally upon the fret though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teasing their friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow, that neither of them shall get any thing by the bargain. In short, the zeal of spreading atheism is, if possible, more absurd than atheism itself.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must farther observe, that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest difficulty in an article of faith as a sufficient reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reason of mankind, that are conformable to the sense of all ages and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happiness of societies, or of particular persons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant credulity to embrace

them. I would fain ask one of these bigotted infidels, supposing all the great points of atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking substance, the mortality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated atheists: I say, supposing such a creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith, than any set of articles which they so violently oppose. Let me therefore advise this generation of wranglers, for their own and for the public good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with zeal for irreligion, and with bigotry for nonsense. C.

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— *Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis  
Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.*

VIRG. Georg. ii, ver. 461.

His lordship's palace, from its stately doors,  
A flood of levee-hunting mortals pours.

WHEN we look round us, and behold the strange variety of faces and persons which fill the streets with business and hurry, it is no unpleasant amusement to make guesses at their different pursuits, and judge by their countenances what it is that so anxiously engages their present attention. Of all this busy crowd, there are none who would give a man, inclined to such inquiries, better diversion for his thoughts, than those whom we call good courtiers, and such as are assiduous at the levees of great men. These worthies are got into an habit of being servile with an air, and enjoy a certain vanity in being known for understanding how the world passes. In the pleasure of this they can rise early, go abroad

sleek and well dressed, with no other hope or purpose but to make a bow to a man in court favour, and be thought, by some insignificant smile of his, not a little engaged in his interests and fortunes. It is wondrous, that a man can get over the natural existence and possession of his own mind so far, as to take delight either in paying or receiving such cold and repeated civilities. But what maintains the humour is, that outward show is what most men pursue, rather than real happiness. Thus both the idol and idolater equally impose upon themselves in pleasing their imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her majesty's good subjects, who are extremely uneasy at their own seats in the country, where all from the skies to the centre of the earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to shine in courts, or to be partners in the power of the world; I say, for the benefit of these, and others who hanker after being in the whisper with great men, and vexing their neighbours with the changes they would be capable of making in the appearance at a county sessions, it would not, methinks, be amiss to give an account of that market for preferment, a great man's levee.

For aught I know, this commerce between the mighty and their slaves, very justly represented, might do so much good, as to incline the great to regard business rather than ostentation; and make the little know the use of their time too well, to spend it in vain applications and addresses.

The famous doctor in Moorfields, who gained so much reputation for his horary predictions, is said to have had in his parlour different ropes to little bells, which hung in the room above stairs, where the doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a girl had been deceived by her lover one bell was pulled; and if a peasant had lost a cow the servant rung another. This method was kept in respect to all other passions



and concerns, and the skilful waiter below sifted the inquirer, and gave the doctor notice accordingly. The levee of a great man is laid after the same manner, and twenty whispers, false alarms, and private intimations, pass backward and forward from the porter, the valet, and the patron himself, before the gaping crew, who are to pay their court, are gathered together: when the scene is ready, the doors fly open and discover his lordship.

There are several ways of making his first appearance; you may be either half-dressed, and washing yourself, which is indeed the most stately; but this way of opening is peculiar to military men, in whom there is something graceful in exposing themselves naked; but the politicians, or civil officers, have usually affected to be more reserved, and preserve a certain chastity of deportment. Whether it be hieroglyphical or not, this difference in the military and civil list, I will not say, but have ever understood to be, that the close minister is buttoned up, and the brave officer open-breasted on these occasions.

However that is, I humbly conceive the business of a levee is to receive the acknowledgments of a multitude, that a man is wise, bounteous, valiant, and powerful. When the first shot of eyes is made, it is wonderful to observe how much submission the patron's modesty can bear, and how much servitude the client's spirit can descend to. In the vast multiplicity of business, and the crowd about him, my lord's parts are usually so great, that, to the astonishment of the whole assembly, he has something to say to every man there, and that so suitable to his capacity, as any man may judge, that it is not without talents that men can arrive at great employments. I have known a great man ask a flag-officer, which way was the wind, a commander of horse, the present price of oats, and a stock-jobber, at

what discount such a fund was, with as much ease as if he had been bred to each of those several ways of life. Now, this is extremely obliging ; for at the same time that the patron informs himself of matters, he gives the person of whom he inquires an opportunity to exert himself. What adds to the pomp of those interviews is, that it is performed with the greatest silence and order imaginable. The patron is usually in the midst of the room, and some humble person gives him a whisper, which his Lordship answers aloud, " It is well. Yes, I am of your opinion. Pray inform yourself farther ; you may be sure of my part in it." This happy man is dismissed, and my lord can turn himself to a business of a quite different nature, and off-hand give as good an answer as any great man is obliged to. For the chief point is to keep in generals, and if there be any thing offered that's particular, to be in haste.

But we are now in the height of the affair, and my lord's creatures have all had their whispers round to keep up the farce of the thing, and the dumb show is become more general. He casts his eye to that corner, and there to Mr. Such-a-one : to the other, " and when did you come to town ? " and perhaps just before he nods to another ; and enters with him : " But, Sir, I am glad to see you, now I think of it." Each of those are happy for the next four-and-twenty hours ; and those who bow in ranks undistinguished, and by dozens at a time, think they have very good prospects, if they may hope to arrive at such notices half a year hence.

The satirist says, there is seldom common sense in high fortune ; and one would think, to behold a levee, that the great were not only infatuated with their station, but also that they believed all below were seized too ; else how is it possible they could think of imposing upon themselves and others to such a degree, as to set up a levee for any thing but

a direct farce? But such is the weakness of our nature, that when men are a little exalted in their condition, they immediately conceive they have additional senses, and their capacities enlarged not only above other men, but above human comprehension itself. Thus it is ordinary to see a great man attend one listening, bow to one at a distance, and call to a third at the same instant. A girl in new ribbands is not more taken with herself, nor does she betray more apparent coquetries, than even a wise man in such a circumstance of courtship. I do not know any thing that I ever thought so very distasteful as the affectation which is recorded of Cæsar, to wit, that he would dictate to three several writers at the same time. This was an ambition below the greatness and candour of his mind. He indeed, if any man had pretensions to greater faculties than any other mortal, was the person: but such a way of acting is childish, and inconsistent with the manner of our being. And it appears from the very nature of things, that there cannot be any thing effectually dispatched in the distraction of a public levee; but the whole seems to be a conspiracy of a set of servile slaves, to give up their own liberty to take away their patron's understanding. T.

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Νηπιοι, ἢδ' ἰσᾶσιν ὅσω πλεον ἡμισυ ὠκυτος,  
 Οὐδ' ὄσον ἐν μάλαχῃ τε δε ἀσφοδελῷ μεγ' ὄνειαρ.

HES. Oper. et Dier. lib. i, ver. 140.

Fools not to know that half exceeds the whole,  
 Nor the great blessings of a frugal board.

THERE is a story in the Arabian Nights Tales, of a king who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method: He took an

hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mallet, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he inclosed in them several drugs, after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly prepared instruments, till such a time as he should sweat: when, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments, perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition, which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove.

This eastern allegory is finely contrived to show us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I have described in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general structure and mechanism of an human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation; I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may in some measure supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and



enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but, did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly, we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are, for the most part, nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street, and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to have tied down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down sallads of twenty different herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counter ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innu-

merable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another: but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate, and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong, till you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A man could not be well guilty of gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess; nor in the second any artificial provocatives to relieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed on a saying quoted by Sir William Temple; "The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies." But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his con-

stitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling with hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put her upon such difficulties; and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating herself from her oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of her distended vessels. Besides, that abstinence well timed, often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during that great plague, which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands; I say notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection; which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an observation, which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing them with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these ancient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer an hundred than sixty years of age at the time of their respective deaths. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Carnaro the Venetian; which I rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in England. Carnaro, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning,

was of an infirm constitution, till about forty, when, by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health, insomuch that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into English under the title of *Sure and Certain Methods of attaining a Long and Healthy Life*. He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth year, he died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.

Having designed this paper as the sequel to that upon exercise, I have not here considered temperance as it is a moral virtue, which I shall make the subject of a future speculation, but only as it is the means of health. L.

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*Alter rivatur de lana sæpe caprina, et  
Propugnat nugis armatus : scilicet, ut non  
Sit mihi prima fides ; et vere quod placet, ut non  
Acriter elatrem, pretium ætas altera sordet.  
Ambigitur quid enim ? Castor sciat, an Docilis plus,  
Brundusium Numici melius via ducat, an Appi.*

HOR. Ep. xviii, lib. i, ver. 15.

One strives for trifles, and for toys contends :

He is in earnest ; what he says defends :

“ That I should not be trusted, right or wrong,

Or be debarr’d the freedom of my tongue,

And not bawl what I please ! To part with this,

I think another life too mean a price.”

The question is—Pray what?—Why, which can boast?

Or Docilis or Castor knowing most ;

Or whether through Numicum ben’t as good

To fair Brundusium, as the Appian road.

CREECH.

EVERY age a man passes through, and way of



life he engages in, has some particular vice or imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will require his nicest care to avoid. The several weaknesses, to which youth, old age, and manhood are exposed, have long since been set down by many both of the poets and philosophers; but I do not remember to have met with any author who has treated of those ill habits men are subject to, not so much by reason of their different ages and tempers, as the particular profession or business in which they were educated and brought up.

I am the more surprised to find this subject so little touched on, since what I am here speaking of is so apparent as not to escape the most vulgar observation. The business men are chiefly conversant in, does not only give a certain cast or turn to their minds, but it is very often apparent in their outward behaviour, and some of the most indifferent actions of their lives. It is this air, diffusing itself over the whole man, which helps us to find out a person at his first appearance; so that the most careless observer fancies he can scarce be mistaken in the carriage of a seaman or the gait of a tailor.

The liberal arts, though they may possibly have less effect on our external mien and behaviour, make so deep an impression on the mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one way.

The mathematician will take little less than demonstration in the most common discourse, and the schoolman is as great a friend to definitions and syllogisms. The physician and divine are often heard to dictate in private companies with the same authority which they exercise over their patients and disciples; while the lawyer is putting cases, and raising matter for disputation out of every thing that occurs.

I may possibly some time or other animadvert

more at large on the particular fault each profession is most infected with; but shall at present wholly apply myself to the cure of what I last mentioned; namely, that spirit of strife and contention in the conversation of gentlemen of the long robe.

This is the more ordinary, because these gentlemen, regarding argument as their own proper province, and very often making ready money of it, think it unsafe to yield before company. They are showing in common talk how zealously they could defend a cause in court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that temper which is absolutely requisite to render conversation pleasant and instructive.

Captain Sentry pushes this matter so far, that I have heard him say, "He has known but few pleaders that were tolerable company."

The captain, who is a man of good sense, but dry conversation, was last night giving me an account of a discourse, in which he had lately been engaged with a young wrangler in the law. "I was giving my opinion," says the Captain, "without apprehending any debate that might arise from it, of a general's behaviour in a battle that was fought some years before either the Templar or myself were born. The young lawyer immediately took me up, and by reasoning above a quarter of an hour upon a subject which I saw he understood nothing of, endeavoured to show me that my opinions were ill grounded. Upon which," says the captain, "to avoid any farther contests, I told him, 'that truly, I had not considered those several arguments which he had brought against me, and that there might be a great deal in them.' 'Ay,' but says my antagonist, who would not let me escape so, 'there are several things to be urged in favour of your opinion which you have omitted;' and thereupon began

to shine upon the other side of the question. Upon this," says the captain, "I came over to my first sentiments, and entirely acquiesced in his reasons for my so doing. Upon which the Templar again recovered his former posture, and confuted both himself and me a third time. In short," says my friend, "I found he was resolved to keep me at a sword's length, and never let me close with him, so that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my antagonist free leave to smile at his victories, who I found, like Hudibras, could still change sides, and still confute."

For my own part, I have ever regarded our Inns of Court as nurseries of statesmen and lawgivers, which makes me often frequent that part of the town with great pleasure.

Upon my calling in lately at one of the most noted Temple coffee houses, I found the whole room, which was full of young students, divided into several parties, each of which was deeply engaged in some controversy. The management of the late ministry was attacked and defended with great vigour; and several preliminaries to the peace were proposed by some, and rejected by others: the demolishing of Dunkirk was so eagerly insisted on, and so warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a challenge. In short, I observed that the desire of victory, whetted with the little prejudices of party and interest, generally carried the argument to such an height, as made the disputants insensibly conceive an aversion towards each other, and part with the highest dissatisfaction on both sides.

The managing an argument handsomely being so nice a point, and what I have seen so very few excel in, I shall here set down a few rules on that head, which, among other things, I gave in

writing to a young kinsman of mine, who had made so great a proficiency in the law, that he began to plead in company upon every subject that was started.

Having the entire manuscript by me, I may, perhaps, from time to time, publish such part of it as I shall think requisite for the instruction of the British youth. What regards my present purpose is as follows:—

Avoid disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well bred in conversation, you may assure yourself that it requires more wit, as well as more good humour, to improve than to contradict the notions of another: but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression on the hearer. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor show either by your actions or words that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace: you were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity, and though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which is so difficult and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means by which men attain their knowledge are so very different, that it is impossible they



should all think alike; and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes, to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly, What might have been your opinion, had you all the biases of education and interest your adversary may possibly have? but, if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, that you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonists a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion.

When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier: he is certainly in all respects an object of your pity rather than anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favours, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, that among your equals no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master: and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, if you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a seasonable check to your passion; for, if you search purely after truth, it will be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this place omit an observation which I have often made, namely, that nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the whole company, than if he chooses

the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, showing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties.

I shall close this subject with giving you one caution; when you have gained a victory, do not push it too far: it is sufficient to let the company and your adversary see it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

X.

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*Cervi, luporum præda rapacium,  
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus  
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.*

HOR. Od. iv, lib. iv, ver. 50.

We, like the stag, the brindled wolf provoke,  
And, when retreat is victory,  
Rush on, though sure to die.

ANON.

THERE is a species of women, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Salamanders. Now a salamander is a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames without being hurt. A salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow spirited as to observe whether the person she talks to be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a male visitant to her bedside, plays with him a whole afternoon at piquet, walks with him two or three hours by moonlight, and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of an husband, or the severity of a parent, that would debar the sex of such innocent liberties. Your salamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer against jealousy,

and admirer of the French good breeding, and a great stickler for freedom in conversation. In short, the salamander lives in an invincible state of simplicity and innocence; her constitution is preserved in a kind of natural frost; she wonders what people mean by temptations, and defies mankind to do their worst. Her chastity is engaged in a constant ordeal, or fiery trial; like good Queen Emma, the pretty innocent walks blindfold among burning ploughshares, without being scorched or singed by them.

It is not therefore for the use of the salamander, whether in a married or single state of life, that I design the following paper; but for such females only as are made of flesh and blood, and find themselves subject to human frailties.

As for this part of the fair sex, who are not of the salamander kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different conduct in their behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what religion calls *Temptations*, and the world *Opportunities*. Did they but know how many thousands of their sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy, and how many millions of ours have begun with flatteries, protestations, and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiousness, they would shun like death the very first approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and misery. I must so far give up the cause of the male world, as to exhort the female sex in the language of Chamont in the *Orphan*:

“ Trust not a man, we are by nature false,  
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant:  
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;  
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.”

I might very much enlarge upon this subject, but

shall conclude it with a story which I lately heard from one of our Spanish officers, and which may show the danger a woman incurs by too great familiarities with a male companion.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave, composed behaviour, determined about the fiftieth year of his age to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he casts his eyes upon a young woman, who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for some years had laid that whole country waste. The Castilian having made his addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a shipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on shore and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort of being under the same master; who, seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain (who happened to be his next relation) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend, hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed



so many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French renegado in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this renegado, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave himself in that exigency: he farther told the renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The renegado, after having represented to him that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt; and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegado, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young

wife, and so turned her head with stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow, unworthy of the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the renegado how to manage herself upon his arrival; so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend the renegado with the money he had brought over for their ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of his story, but since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awakening found his wife had left him: he immediately arose and inquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for their departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of Algiers, carried away the money, and left the Castilian in captivity; who, partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed Algerine his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

L.

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*Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefas.*

Incerti Autoris apud AUL. GELL.

A man should be religious, not superstitious.

IT is of the last importance to season the passions

of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes, have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A state of temperance, sobriety, and justice, without devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid condition of virtue; and is rather to be styled philosophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas, than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

It has been observed by some writers, that man is more distinguished from the animal world by devotion than by reason, as several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmering of reason, although they betray in no single circumstance of their behaviour any thing that bears the least affinity to devotion. It is certain the propensity of the mind to religious worship, the natural tendency of the soul to fly to some superior being for succour in dangers and distresses, the gratitude to an invisible superintendent, which rises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the divine perfections, and the universal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great article of adoration, plainly show, that devotion or religious worship must be the effect of tra-

dition from some first founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reason, or that it proceeds from an instinct implanted in the soul itself. For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent causes; but whichever of them shall be assigned as the principle of divine worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first author of it.

I may take some other opportunity of considering those particular forms and methods of devotion which are taught us by Christianity; but shall here observe into what errors even this divine principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reason which was given to us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors, in which a mistaken devotion may betray us, are enthusiasm and superstition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with religious enthusiasm. A person that is crazed, though with pride or malice, is a sight very mortifying to human nature; but when the distemper arises from any indiscreet fervours of devotion, or too intense an application of the mind to its mistaken duties, it deserves our compassion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this lesson from it, that, since devotion itself (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the mind unless its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our reason as cool as possible, and to guard ourselves in all parts of life against the influence of passion, imagination, and constitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reason, is very apt to degenerate into enthusiasm. When the mind finds herself very much



inflamed with her devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something divine within her. If she indulges this thought too far, and humours the growing passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary raptures and extasies; and when once she fancies herself under the influence of a divine impulse, it is no wonder if she slights human ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established form of religion, as thinking herself directed by a much superior guide.

As enthusiasm is a kind of excess in devotion, superstition is the excess not only of devotion, but of religion in general, according to an old heathen saying, quoted by Aulus Gellius, *Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefas*; a man should be religious, not superstitious. For, as the author tells us, Nigidius observed upon this passage, that the Latin words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an excess.

An enthusiast in religion is like an obstinate clown; a superstitious man like an insipid courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of madness: superstition of folly. Most of the sects that fall short of the church of England have in them strong tinctures of enthusiasm, as the Roman catholic religion is one huge overgrown body of childish and idle superstitions.

The Roman catholic church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this particular. If an absurd dress or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will soon be found out and discarded; on the contrary, a habit or ceremony, though never so ridiculous, which has taken sanctuary in the church, sticks in it for ever. A Gothic bishop, perhaps, thought it proper to repeat such a form in such particular shoes or slippers; another fancied it

would be very decent if such a part of public devotions were performed with a mitre on his head, and a crosier in his hand; to this a brother Vandal, as wise as the others, adds an antic dress, which he has conceived would allude very aptly to such and such mysteries, till by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty show.

Their successors see the vanity and inconvenience of these ceremonies; but instead of reforming, perhaps add others which they think more significant, and which take possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the Pope officiate at St. Peter's, where, for two hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, setting aside the infinite advantages which arise from it, as a strong, steady, masculine piety; but enthusiasm and superstition are the weakness of human reason, that expose us to the scorn and derision of infidels, and sink us even below the beasts that perish.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error arising from mistaken devotion; but because reflections on that subject would be of no use to an English reader, I shall not enlarge upon it. L.

Γυναικὶς ἢ δὲ χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ ληΐζεται  
'Εσθλῆς ἄμεινον, ἢ δὲ ῥίγον κακῆς.

SIMONIDES.

Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;  
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.

THERE are no authors I am more pleased with, than those who show human nature in a variety of views, and describe the several ages of the world in

their different manners. A reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with those which prevailed in the times of his forefathers; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character and that of other persons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind, under these changeable colours, is apt to shame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue; to make us pleased or displeased with ourselves in the most proper points; to clear our minds of prejudice and prepossession, and rectify that narrowness of temper, which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from ourselves.

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity; and the more we come downward towards our own times may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, and what we call good breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you will think you were reading the history of another species.

Among the writings of antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the manners of their respective times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in satire, under what dress soever it may appear; as there are no other authors whose province it is to enter so directly into the ways of men, and set their miscarriages in so strong a light.

Simonides, a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, author of the oldest satire that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written.

This poet flourished about four hundred years after the siege of Troy; and shows, by his way of writing, the simplicity, or rather coarseness of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred and sixty-first speculation, that the rule of observing what the French call the *Bienseance* in an allusion has been found out of later years; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeness in their similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison. The satire or iambics of Simonides, with which I shall entertain my readers in the present paper, are a remarkable instance of what I formerly advanced. The subject of this satire is woman. He describes the sex in their several characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful supposition raised upon the doctrine of pre-existence. He tells us, that the gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad dispositions arise in them, according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions. I have translated the author very faithfully, and if not word for word (which our language would not bear) at least so as to comprehend every one of his sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this author's want of delicacy, and must farther premise, that the following satire affects only some of the lower part of the sex, and not those who have been refined by a polite education, which was not so common in the age of this poet.

“ In the beginning God made the souls of womankind out of different materials, and in a separate state from their bodies.

“ The souls of one kind of women were formed out of those ingredients which compose swine. A woman of this make is a slut in her house, and a



glutton at her table. She is uncleanly in her person, a slattern in her dress, and her family is no better than a dunghill.

“ A second sort of female soul was formed out of the same materials that enter into the composition of a fox. Such an one is what we call a notable, discerning woman, who has an insight into every thing, whether it be good or bad. In this species of females there are some virtuous and some vicious.

“ A third kind of women were made up of canine particles. These are what we commonly call scolds, who imitate the animals out of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamour.

“ The fourth kind of women were made out of the earth. These are your sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

“ The fifth species of females were made out of the sea. These are women of variable uneven tempers, sometimes all storm and tempest, sometimes all calm and sunshine. The stranger, who sees one of these in her smiles and smoothness, would cry her up for a miracle of good-humour; but on a sudden her looks and her words are changed, she is nothing but fury and outrage, noise and hurricane.

“ The sixth species were made up of the ingredients which compose an ass, or a beast of burden: These are naturally exceeding slothful, but, upon the husband's exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, and do every thing to please him. They are however far from being averse to venereal pleasure, and seldom refuse a male companion.

“ The cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of

love, that they fly in the face of their husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

“The mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any servile toil and labour, composed an eighth species of women. These are they who have little regard for their husbands, who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up with the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a king or prince who takes a fancy to such a toy.

“The ninth species of females were taken out of the ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from, or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

“The tenth and last species of women were made out of the bee; and happy is the man who gets such an one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblamable; her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband, and is beloved by him, she brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that Jupiter can bestow on man.”

I shall conclude these iambics with the motto of this paper, which is a fragment of the same author: “A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.”

As the poet has shown a great penetration in this

diversity of female characters, he has avoided the fault which Juvenal and Monsieur Boileau are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last satire, where they have endeavoured to expose the sex in general, without doing justice to the valuable part of it. Such levelling satires are of no use to the world, and for this reason I have often wondered how the French author above mentioned, who was a man of exquisite judgment, and a lover of virtue, could think human nature a proper subject for satire in another of his celebrated pieces, which is called *The Satire upon Man*. What vice or frailty can a discourse correct, which censures the whole species alike, and endeavours to show, by some superficial strokes of wit, that brutes are the more excellent creatures of the two? A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper objects of it. L.

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— *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

OVID. Ep. ix, lib. ii, De Ponto, ver. 47.

The liberal arts, where they an entrance find,  
Softens the manners, and subdues the mind.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the

allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in



this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy, that passed about twelve years ago at St. Christopher's, one of our British Leeward Islands. The negroes, who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had at the same time two young fellows, who were likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened, that both of them fell in love with the female negro above mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropt expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistress along with

them ; where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave, who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corpse, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the English family with the news of what he had seen ; who, upon coming to the place, saw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves.

We see, in this amazing instance of barbarity, what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men, whose passions are not regulated by virtue and disciplined by reason. Though the action which I have recited is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable education.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish ; though it must be confessed there are, even in these parts, several uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking ; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure ; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features ; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegance ; but seldom

meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along professed myself in this paper a promoter of these great ends; and I flatter myself, that I do from day to day contribute something to the polishing of men's minds; at least my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters, which I receive from unknown hands, in approbation of my endeavours; and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks to those who wrote them, and excusing myself for not inserting several of them in my papers, which I am sensible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publish the praises which are so well penned, they would do honour to the persons who write them; but my publishing of them would, I fear, be a sufficient instance to the world that I did not deserve them.

C.

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— *Fulgente trahit constrictos gloriæ curru*  
*Nec minus ignotos generosis* —

Hor. Sat. vi, lib. i, ver. 23.

— Glory's shining chariot swiftly draws  
 With equal whirl, the noble and the base. CREECH.

IF we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable, that ambition runs through the

whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigour of his complexion, is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men, who, by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance; but it is not therefore to be concluded, that such a man is not ambitious; his desires may have cut out another channel, and determined him to other pursuits; the motive however may be still the same; and in these cases likewise the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure consciousness of worthy actions, abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes; so that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the same innate principle; to wit, the desire of being remarkable; for this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study, and converse, will bring forth suitable effects, as it falls in with an ingenuous disposition or a corrupt mind; it does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the mind or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praiseworthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit; for as the



same humours, in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted but that there is as great desire for glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it would ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honour. This is the secret spring that pushes them forward; and the superiority which they gain, above the undistinguished many, does more than repair those wounds they have received in the combat. It is Mr. Waller's opinion, that Julius Cæsar, had he not been master of the Roman empire, would in all probability have made an excellent wrestler.

“ Great Julius, on the mountains bred,  
A flock, perhaps, or herd had led :  
He, that the world subdu'd, had been  
But the best wrestler on the green.”

That he subdued the world was owing to the accidents of art and knowledge. Had he not met with those advantages, the same sparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some enterprise of a lower nature. Since therefore no man's lot is so unalterably fixed in this life but that a thousand accidents may either forward or disappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive speculation to consider a great man as divested of all the adventitious circumstances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low station of life, the nature of which bears some distant resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in miniature those talents of nature, which, being

drawn out by education to their full length, enable him for the discharge of some important employment. On the other hand, one may raise uneducated merit to such a pitch of greatness as may seem equal to the possible extent of his improved capacity.

Thus nature furnishes a man with a general appetite of glory, education determines it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance more observable than in the variety of outsides and new appearances, which the modish part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for any thing glaring and particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person so adorned without due notice and observation. It has likewise upon this account been frequently resented as a very great slight, to leave any gentleman out of a lampoon or satire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, because it supposes the person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction are owing various frolicsome and irregular practices, as sallying out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horses, with many other enterprises of the like fiery nature; for, certainly, many a man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

One very common, and at the same time the most absurd ambition that ever showed itself in human nature is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest, and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening cir-

cumstances, which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood; I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate husband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that this desire reigns most in those, who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. Humanity, goodness, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with avarice. It is strange to see how suddenly this abject passion kills all the noble sentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human nature; it renders the man, who is overrun with it, a peevish and cruel master, a severe parent, an unsociable husband, a distant and mistrustful friend. But it is more to the present purpose to consider it as an absurd passion of the heart rather than as a vicious affection of the mind. As there are frequent instances to be met with of a proud humility, so this passion, contrary to most others, affects applause by avoiding all show and appearance; for this reason it will not sometimes endure even the common decencies of apparel. A covetous man will call himself poor, that you may sooth his vanity by contradicting him. Love, and the desire of glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational passions. It is true, the wise man who strikes out of the secret paths of a private life, for honour and dignity, allured by the splendour of a court, and the unfelt weight of public employment, whether he succeeds in his attempts or no, usually comes near enough to this painted greatness to discern the daubing: he is then desirous of extricating himself out of the hurry of life, that he may pass away the remainder of his days in tranquillity and retirement.

It may be thought then but common prudence in a man not to change a better state for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with pleasure ; and yet if human life be not a little moved with the gentle gales of hopes and fears, there may be some danger of its stagnating in an unmanly indolence and security. It is a known story of Domitian, that after he had possessed himself of the Roman empire, his desires turned upon catching flies. Active and masculine spirits, in the vigour of youth, neither can nor ought to remain at rest ; if they debar themselves from aiming at a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion. Thus, if you cut off the top branches of a tree, and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the bottom. The man indeed who goes into the world only with the narrow views of self-interest, who catches at the applause of an idle multitude, as he can find no solid contentment at the end of his journey, so he deserves to meet with disappointments in his way ; but he who is actuated by a nobler principle, whose mind is so far enlarged as to take in the prospect of his country's good, who is enamoured with that praise which is one of the fair attendants of virtue, and values not those acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial testimony of his own mind : who repines not at the low station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable means to a more rising and advantageous ground : such a man is warmed with a generous emulation ; it is a virtuous movement in him to wish and to endeavour that his power of doing good may be equal to his will.

The man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of



doing great good or mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the care of education to infuse into the untainted youth early notices of justice and honour, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable, well-chosen objects: when these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sail; if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will however prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

Religion therefore (were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the affairs of this life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great veneration; as it settles the various pretensions, and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order of the great community; as it gives a man room to play his part, and exert his abilities; as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, in their effects beneficial to society; as it inspires rational ambition, correct love, and elegant desires.

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*Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia* —

Juv. Sat. x, ver. 365.

Prudence supplies the want of every good.

I HAVE often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. There

are infinite reveries, numberless extravagances, and a perpetual train of vanities which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others, whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This sort of discretion, however, has no place in conversation between intimate friends. On such occasions the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend in such a manner, that if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of his rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reasonable as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our behaviour towards a friend, savours more of cunning than discretion, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom friend. Besides that, when a friend is turned into an enemy, and, as the son of Sirach calls him, a bewrayer of secrets, the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only show itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the

person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which, for want of sight, is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of obtaining them; cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning is a kind of short sightedness that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it; cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even

those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life : cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings : cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness, which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers, that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

I have, in this essay upon discretion, considered it



both as an accomplishment and as a virtue, and have therefore described it in its full extent ; not only as it is conversant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole existence ; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light, that discretion is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of discretion, and sometimes under that of wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter part of this paper) the greatest wisdom, but at the same time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquisition easy : or to speak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer, whom I quoted in my last Saturday's paper, " Wisdom is glorious and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great travel ; for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think therefore upon her is perfection of wisdom, and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, showing herself favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought." C.

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*Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 338.

Fictions, to please, should wear the face of truth.

THERE is nothing which one regards so much with an eye of mirth and pity as innocence, when it has in it a dash of folly. At the same time that one esteems the virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the simplicity which accompanies it. When a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the ser-

pent in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions. The Cordeliers tell a story of their founder St. Francis, that, as he passed the streets in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner; upon which the good man, say they, "lifted up his hands to heaven with a secret thanksgiving, that there was still so much Christian charity in the world." The innocence of the saint made him mistake the kiss of a lover for a salute of charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a virtuous man without a competent knowledge of the world; and, if there be any use in these my papers, it is this, that, without representing vice under any false, alluring notions, they give my reader an insight into the ways of men, and represent human nature in all its changeable colours. The man, who has not been engaged in any of the follies of the world, or, as Shakespeare expresses it, "hackneyed in the ways of men," may here find a picture of its follies and extravagances. The virtuous and the innocent may know in speculation what they could never arrive at by practice, and by this means avoid the snares of the crafty, the corruptions of the vicious, and the reasonings of the prejudiced. Their minds may be opened without being vitiated.

It is with an eye to my following correspondent, Mr. Timothy Doodle, who seems a very well meaning man, that I have written this short preface, to which I shall subjoin a letter from the said Mr. Doodle.

"SIR,

"I could heartily wish that you would let us know your opinion upon several innocent diversions which are in use among us, and which are very proper to pass away a winter night, for those who do not care to throw away their time at an opera, or at the play-

house. I would gladly know, in particular, what notion you have of hot cockles; as also, whether you think that questions and commands, mottos, similes, and cross purposes, have not more mirth and wit in them than those public diversions, which are grown so very fashionable among us. If you would recommend to our wives and daughters, who read your papers with a great deal of pleasure, some of those sports and pastimes that may be practised within doors, and by the fire-side, we, who are masters of families, should be hugely obliged to you. I need not tell you, that I would have these sports and pastimes not only merry but innocent; for which reason, I have not either mentioned whisk or lanterloo, nor, indeed, so much as one-and-thirty. After having communicated to you my request upon this subject, I will be so free as to tell you how my wife and I pass away these tedious winter evenings with a great deal of pleasure. Though she be young, and handsome, and good-humoured to a miracle, she does not care for gadding abroad like others of her sex. There is a very friendly man, a colonel in the army, whom I am mightily obliged to for his civilities, that comes to see me almost every night: for he is not one of those giddy young fellows that cannot live out of a playhouse. When we are together, we very often make a party at blind man's buff, which is a sport that I like the better, because there is a good deal of exercise in it. The colonel and I are blinded by turns, and you would laugh your heart out to see what pains my dear takes to hoodwink us, so that it is impossible for us to see the least glimpse of light. The poor colonel sometimes hits his nose against a post, and makes us die with laughing. I have generally the good luck not to hurt myself, but am very often above half an hour before I can catch either of them; for you must know we hide ourselves up and down in corners, that we may have the more

sport. I only give you this hint as a sample of such innocent diversions as I would have you recommend; and am, most esteemed Sir,

“ Your ever loving Friend,  
“ TIMOTHY DOODLE.”

The following letter was occasioned by my last Thursday's paper, upon the absence of lovers, and the methods therein mentioned of making such absence supportable:—

“ SIR,

“ Among the several ways of consolation, which absent lovers make use of, while their souls are in that state of departure which you say is death in love, there are some very material ones that have escaped your notice. Among these, the first and most received is a crooked shilling, which has administered great comfort to our forefathers, and is still made use of on this occasion with very good effect in most parts of her majesty's dominions. There are some, I know, who think a crown piece cut into two equal parts, and preserved by the distant lovers, is of more sovereign virtue than the former. But since opinions are divided in this particular, why may not the same persons make use of both? The figure of a heart, whether cut in stone or cast in metal, whether bleeding upon an altar stuck with darts, or held in the hand of a Cupid, has always been looked upon as talismanic in distresses of this nature. I am acquainted with many a brave fellow, who carries his mistress in the lid of his snuff-box, and by that expedient has supported himself under the absence of a whole campaign. For my own part, I have tried all these remedies, but never found so much benefit from any as from a ring, in which my mistress's hair is plaited together very artificially, in a kind of true lover's knot. As I have received great benefit from



this secret, I think myself obliged to communicate it to the public, for the good of my fellow-subjects. I desire you will add this letter as an appendix to your consolations upon absence, and I am,

“ Your very humble Servant,

C.

“ T. B.”

*Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te  
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.*

HOR. Ep. i, lib. i, ver. 36.

#### IMITATED.

Know, there are rhymes which (fresh and fresh applied)  
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. POPE.

THE soul, considered abstractedly from its passions, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use therefore of the passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecution of his designs. As this is the end of the passions in general, so it is particularly of ambition, which pushes the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But, if we carry our reflections higher, we may discover farther ends of Providence in implanting this passion in mankind.

It was necessary for the world, that arts should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized: now, since the proper and genuine motives to these and the like great actions would only influence virtuous minds, there would be but small improvements in the world, were there not some common principle of action working equally with all men. And such a principle is ambition, or a desire of fame, by which great endowments are not suffered to lie idle and

useless to the public, and many vicious men overreached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural inclinations in a glorious and laudable course of action. For we may farther observe, that men of the greatest abilities are most fired with ambition; and that, on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the least actuated by it: whether it be that a man's sense of his own incapacities makes him despair of coming at fame, or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his interest or convenience, or that Providence, in the very frame of his soul, would not subject him to such a passion as would be useless to the world and a torment to himself.

Were not this desire of fame very strong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from so vain a pursuit.

How few are there who are furnished with abilities sufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind! Providence for the most part sets us upon a level, and observes a kind of proportion in its dispensations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every person from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary.

And among those who are the most richly endowed by nature, and accomplished by their own industry, how few are there whose virtues are not obscured by the ignorance, prejudice, or envy of their beholders! Some men cannot discern between a noble and a mean action; others are apt to attribute them to some false end or intention; and others purposely misrepresent, or put a wrong interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this consideration, we may observe, that those are generally most unsuccessful in their pursuit after fame, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is Sallust's remark upon Cato, that the less he coveted glory the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natured pleasure in crossing our inclinations, and disappointing us in what our hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate desire of fame in the ambitious man (as no temper of mind is more apt to show itself), they become sparing and reserved in their commendations, they envy him the satisfaction of an applause, and look on their praises rather as a kindness done to his person, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others, who are free from this natural perverseness of temper, grow wary in their praises of one, who sets too great value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own imagination, and by consequence remove him to a greater distance from themselves.

But farther, this desire of fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his actions should be thrown away in private, lest his deserts should be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any disadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty boasts and ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain fantastic recitals of his own performances: his discourse generally leans one way; and, whatever is the subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural weakness of an ambitious man, which exposes him to the secret scorn and derision of those he converses with, and ruins the character he is so industrious to advance by it. For though his actions are never so glorious, they

lose their lustre when they are drawn at large, and set to show by his own hand; and, as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boast will probably be censured, when the great action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides, this very desire of fame is looked on as a meanness and imperfection in the greatest character. A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with a generous neglect on the censures and applauses of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noise and strife of tongues. Accordingly we find in ourselves a secret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us in a regular and illustrious course of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations: as, on the contrary, it is usual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to ascribe it to vain glory, and a desire of fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill founded; for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind to be worked up to any noble action by so selfish a motive, and to do that out of a desire of fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested love to mankind, or by a generous passion for the glory of him that made us.

Thus is fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it; since most men have so much either of ill-nature, or of wariness, as not to gratify or sooth the vanity of the ambitious man, and since this very thirst after fame naturally betrays him into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation, and is itself looked upon as a weakness in the greatest characters.

In the next place, fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the subject of a following paper.



Φήμη γάρ τε κακῇ πελεταται κύβη μὲν ἂ εὔραι  
 Ρεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλέη δὲ φέρειν. —

HES.

Desire of fame by various ways is crost;  
 Hard to be gain'd, and easy to be lost.

THERE are many passions and tempers of mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the same of his merits a reflection on their own indeseerts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the scandal of some past action, or derogate from the worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same level with themselves. The like kind of consideration often stirs up the envy of such as were once his superiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to see another get ground upon them and overtake them in the pursuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him, because they now see him their superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man, whose extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and observation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every part of him, consider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleasure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in spreading abroad the weaknesses of an exalted character. They publish their ill-natured discoveries with a secret pride, and applaud them-

selves for the singularity of their judgment, which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward satisfaction and complacency, if they discover none of the like errors and infirmities in themselves: for while they are exposing another's weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not subject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the blemishes of an extraordinary reputation than such as lie open to the same censures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuse their own defects by the authority of so high an example, or raising an imaginary applause to themselves for resembling a person of an exalted reputation, though in the blamable parts of his character. If all these secret springs of detraction fail, yet very often a vain ostentation of wit sets a man on attacking an established name, and sacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of those about him. A satire or a libel on one of the common stamp never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers as what is aimed at a person whose merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous figure among men. Whether it be that we think it shows greater art to expose and turn to ridicule a man whose character seems so improper a subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of revenge to see him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious spies are searching into the actions of a great man, who is not always the best prepared for so narrow an inspection. For we may generally observe, that our admiration of a famous man lessens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we seldom hear the description of a celebrated person without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. The reason may be, because any little slip is more conspicuous and observable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his character; or because it is impossible for a man at the same time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconsiderable circumstances of his behaviour and conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same temper of mind which inclines us to a desire of fame, naturally betrays us into such slips and unwarinesses as are not incident to men of a contrary disposition.

After all, it must be confessed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and dissipates these little spots and sullies in its reputation; but if, by a mistaken pursuit after fame, or through human infirmity, any false step be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole scheme of ambitious designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller stains and blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the brightness that surrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature casts a shade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a great name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little weaknesses and infirmities, as are no small diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed and aggravated by such as were once his superiors or

equals, by such as would set to show their judgment or their wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same slips or misconducts in their own behaviour?

But were there none of these dispositions in others to censure a famous man, nor any such miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its height and splendour. There must be always a noble train of actions to preserve his fame in life and motion; for when it is once at a stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-lived passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual succession of miracles rising up to its view. And even the greatest actions of a celebrated person labour under this disadvantage, that, however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but, on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, though they might raise the reputation of another, they are a diminution to his.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the possession of fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations, can engage a man in so desperate a pursuit: and yet if we consider the little happiness that attends a great character, and the multitude of disquietudes to which the desire of it subjects an ambitious mind, one would still be the more surprised to see so many restless candidates for glory.

Ambition raises a secret tumult in the soul: it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought: it is still reaching after an empty, imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper sense, and for a while



set the appetite at rest : but fame is a good so wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it ; an object of desire placed out of the possibility of fruition. It may indeed for a while fill the mind with a giddy kind of pleasure ; but it is such a pleasure as makes a man restless and uneasy under it, and which does not so much satisfy the present thirst, as it excites fresh desires, and sets the soul on new enterprizes. For how few ambitious men are there, who have got as much fame as they desired, and whose thirst after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men ? There is not any circumstance in Cæsar's character which gives men a greater idea of him, than a saying which Cicero tells us he frequently made use of in private conversation, " That he was satisfied with his share of life and fame." *Se satis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vixisse.* Many indeed have given over their pursuits after fame ; but that has proceeded either from the disappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleasure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldness of old age ; but seldom from a full satisfaction and acquiescence in their present enjoyment of it.

Nor is fame only unsatisfying in itself, but the desire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles, which those are free from, who have not such a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no praise where he expected it ? Nay, how often is he mortified with the very praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought, which they seldom do unless increased by flattery, since few men have so good an opinion of us as we have of ourselves ? But if the ambitious man can be so

much grieved even with praise itself, how will he be able to bear up under scandal and defamation? For the same temper of mind which makes him desire fame makes him hate reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary praises of men, he will be as much dejected by their censures. How little therefore is the happiness of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill speeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and destroy his natural rest and repose of mind? Especially when we consider that the world is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may farther observe, that such a man will be more grieved for the loss of fame than he could have been pleased with the enjoyment of it. For though the presence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the absence of it may make us miserable: because in the enjoyment of an object we only find that share of pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loss of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the satisfaction that fame brings along with it, and so great the disquietudes to which it makes us liable. The desire of it stirs up very uneasy emotions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the presence of the thing desired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleasure, though the loss or want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but we are disappointed by the silence of men, when it is unexpected, and humbled even by their praises. C,

——— Οὐχ' εὐδαι Διδς  
 Οφθαλμός' ἐγγυς δ' ἐστὶ καὶ παρῶν πένω.

Incert. ex. STOR.

No slumber seals the eye of Providence,  
 Present to every action we commence.

THAT I might not lose myself upon a subject of so great extent as that of fame, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have, first of all, considered the reasons why Providence may have implanted in our minds such a principle of action. I have, in the next place, shown from many considerations, first, that fame is a thing difficult to be obtained and easily lost; secondly, that it brings the ambitious man very little happiness, but subjects him to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction. I shall in the last place show, that it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fulness of satisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end that happiness which is reserved for us in another world, which every one has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

How the pursuit after fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great end, I shall leave the reader to collect from the three following considerations:—

*First*, Because the strong desire of fame breeds several vicious habits in the mind.

*Secondly*, Because many of those actions, which are apt to procure fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happiness.

*Thirdly*, Because if we should allow the same actions to be the proper instruments both of acquiring fame, and of procuring this happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the attainment of



this last end, if they proceeded from a desire of the first.

These three propositions are self-evident to those who are versed in speculations of morality. For which reason I shall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the same nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of speculation.

From what has been already observed, I think we may make a natural conclusion, that it is the greatest folly to seek the praise or approbation of any being besides the Supreme : and that for these two reasons ; because no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits ; and because we can procure no considerable benefit or advantage from the esteem and approbation of any other being.

In the first place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits. Created beings see nothing but our outside, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour ; but how unfit these are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections may appear from several considerations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward representation ; many silent perfections in the soul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to discover themselves to the knowledge of others ; they are transacted in private, without noise or show, and are only visible to the great Searcher of hearts. What actions can express the entire purity of thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous man ; that secret rest and contentedness of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his present condition ; that inward pleasure and complacency which he feels in doing good ; that delight and satisfaction which he takes in the prosperity and happiness of another ? These and the like virtues are the



hidden beauties of a soul, the secret graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal eye, but make the soul lovely and precious in His sight, from whom no secrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and showing themselves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumstances for the due exercise of it. A state of poverty obscures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confessor lie concealed in the flourishing times of Christianity. Some virtues are only seen in affliction, and some in prosperity; some in a private and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do: he views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and sees us engaged in all the possibilities of action; he discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions, which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reason why men cannot form a right judgment of us is because the same actions may be aimed at by different ends, and arise from quite contrary principles. Actions are of so mixed a nature, and so full of circumstances, that as men pry into them more or less, or observe some parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; so that the same actions may represent a man as hypocritical and designing to one, which make him appear a saint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon a soul through its outward actions, often sees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the object; so that upon this account also, He is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not guess at the sincerity of our intentions from

the goodness of our actions, but weighs the goodness of our actions by the sincerity of our intentions.

But farther, it is impossible for outward actions to represent the perfections of the soul, because they can never show the strength of those principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expressions of our virtues, and can only show us what habits are in the soul, without discovering the degree and perfection of such habits. They are at best but weak resemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies, that may acquaint us with the general design, but can never express the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different state and degree of human improvement, from those weak stirrings and tendencies of the will, which have not yet formed themselves into regular purposes and designs, to the last entire finishing and consummation of a good habit. He beholds the first imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the soul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progress, till it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we see that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward actions, which can never give them a just estimate of us, since there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of showing themselves, want an opportunity of doing it; or should they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet those actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or, though they plainly discovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never show the degree, strength, and perfection of those principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper

judge of our perfections, so is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a consideration that comes home to our interest, as the other adapts itself to our ambition. And what could the most aspiring or the most selfish man desire more, were he to form the notion of a being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a knowledge as can discover the least appearance of perfection in him, and such a goodness as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his desire of fame this way ; and, that he may propose to himself a fame worthy of his ambition, let him consider, that if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who sees every degree of perfection in others, and possesses all possible perfection in himself, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him, in the presence of the whole creation, that best and most significant of applauses, " Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy master's joy." C.

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*Γάμος γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν εὐχταῖον κακόν.*

Frag. Vet. Poet.

Wedlock's an ill men eagerly embrace.

MY father, whom I mentioned in my first speculation, and whom I must always name with honour and gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the subject of marriage. I was in my younger years engaged, partly by his advice, and partly by my own inclinations, in the courtship of a person who had a great deal of beauty, and did not at my first approaches seem to have any aversion to me ; but as my natural taciturnity hindered me from showing myself to the best advantage, she by de-



grees began to look upon me as a very silly fellow, and being resolved to regard merit more than any thing else in the persons who made their applications to her, she married a captain of dragoons, who happened to be beating up for recruits in those parts.

This unlucky accident has given me an aversion to pretty fellows ever since, and discouraged me from trying my fortune with the fair sex. The observations which I made in this conjuncture, and the repeated advices which I received at that time from the good old man above mentioned, have produced the following essay upon love and marriage.

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope, and all the pleasing motions of the soul rise in the pursuit.

It is easier for an artful man who is not in love to persuade his mistress he has a passion for her, and to succeed in his pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True love has ten thousand griefs, impatiences, and resentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affection he solicits; besides, that it sinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehensions, and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous, where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy, that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should strike root, and gather strength, before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the person beloved.

There is nothing of so great importance to us as



the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life; they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate; where the parties choose for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniences and pleasures of life to the party whose interest they espouse; and at the same time may hope that the wealth of their friend may turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual feast. A good person does not only raise, but continue love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder, when the first heats of desire are extinguished. It puts the wife or husband in countenance both among friends and strangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I should prefer a woman, that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms; or if you have such a passion for her, it is odds but it will be imbittered with fears and jealousies.

Good-nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. When we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent on trains and equipages, and all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude than consult our proper interest; and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of

the most unaccountable passions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear easy and happy to others, than really to make ourselves so. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy marriages, yet scarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting them. Several, that are in this respect unequally yoked, and uneasy for life, with a person of a particular character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage, we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the person appears to you at a distance, you will find many blemishes and imperfections in her humour, upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discovered, or perhaps suspected. Here, therefore, discretion and good-nature are to show their strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees soften those very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and indeed all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with scorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a constant, uniform course of virtue.

*Id vero est, quod ego mihi puto pulmarium,  
 Me reperisse, quomodo adolescentulus  
 Meretricum ingenia et mores possit noscere;  
 Mature ut cum cognorit perpetuo oderit.*

TER. Eun. act v, sc. 4.

I look upon it as my masterpiece, that I have found out how a young fellow may know the disposition and behaviour of harlots, and, by early knowing, come to detest them.

NO vice or wickedness which people fall into from indulgence to desires, which are natural to all, ought to place them below the compassion of the virtuous part of the world: which indeed often makes me a little apt to suspect the sincerity of their virtue, who are too warmly provoked at other people's personal sins. The unlawful commerce of the sexes is, of all others, the hardest to avoid; and yet there is no one which you shall hear the rigider part of womankind speak of with so little mercy. It is very certain, that a modest woman cannot abhor the breach of chastity too much; but pray let her hate it for herself, and only pity it in others. Will Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies the outrageously virtuous.

I do not design to fall upon failures in general, with relation to the gift of chastity, but at present only enter upon that large field, and begin with the consideration of poor and public whores. The other evening, passing along near Covent Garden, I was jogged on the elbow as I turned into the Piazza, on the right hand coming out of James Street, by a slim young girl of about seventeen, who, with a pert air, asked me if I was for a pint of wine. I do not know but I should have indulged my curiosity in having some chat with her, but that I am informed the man of the Bumper knows me; and it would have made a story for him not very agreeable to some part of my writings, though I have in others

so frequently said, that I am wholly unconcerned in any scene I am in, but merely as a spectator. This impediment being in my way, we stood under one of the arches by twilight; and there I could observe as exact features as I had ever seen, the most agreeable shape, the finest neck and bosom, in a word, the whole person of a woman exquisitely beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced wantonness in her look and air; but I saw it checked with hunger and cold: her eyes were wan and eager, her dress thin and tawdry, her mien genteel and childish. This strange figure gave me much anguish of heart; and, to avoid being seen with her, I went away, but could not forbear giving her a crown. The poor thing sighed, curtsied, and, with a blessing expressed with the utmost vehemence, turned from me. This creature is what they call newly come upon the town; but who, I suppose, falling into cruel hands, was left in the first month from her dishonour, and exposed to pass through the hands and discipline of one of those hags of hell, whom we call bawds. But lest I should grow too suddenly grave on this subject, and be myself outrageously good, I shall turn to a scene in one of Fletcher's plays, where this character is drawn, and the economy of whoredom most admirably described. The passage I would point to is in the third scene of the second act of *The Humorous Lieutenant*. Leucippe, who is agent for the king's lust, and bawds at the same time for the whole court, is very pleasantly introduced, reading her minutes as a person of business, with two maids, her under-secretaries, taking instructions at a table before her. Her women, both those under her present tutelage, and those which she is laying wait for, are alphabetically set down in her book, and she is looking over the letter C, in a muttering voice, as if between soliloquy and speaking out: she says,



" Her maidenhead will yield me—let me see now :  
 She's not fifteen, they say ; for her complexion—  
 Chloe, Chloe, Chloe, here I have her ;  
 Chloe, the daughter of a country gentleman ;  
 Her age upon fifteen. Now her complexion :  
 A lovely brown ; here 'tis : eyes black and rolling ;  
 The body neatly built ; she strikes a lute well ;  
 Sings most enticingly : these helps considered,  
 Her maidenhead will amount to some three hundred,  
 Or three hundred and fifty crowns ; 'twill bear it hand-  
 somely.  
 Her father's poor, some little share deducted  
 To buy him a hunting nag"—

These creatures are very well instructed in the  
 circumstances and manners of all who are any way  
 related to the fair one whom they have a design  
 upon. As Chloe is to be purchased with three hun-  
 dred and fifty crowns, and the father taken off with  
 a pad, the merchant's wife next to her, who abounds  
 in plenty, is not to have downright money, but the  
 mercenary part of her mind is engaged with a pre-  
 sent of plate and a little ambition ; she is made to  
 understand, that it is a man of quality who dies for  
 her. The examination of a young girl for business,  
 and the crying down her value for being a slight  
 thing, together with every other circumstance in the  
 scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true  
 spirit of comedy ; though it were to be wished the  
 author had added a circumstance, which should  
 make Leucippe's business more odious.

It must not be thought a digression from my in-  
 tended speculation, to talk of bawds in a discourse  
 upon wenches, for a woman of the town is not tho-  
 roughly and properly such without having gone  
 through the education of one of these houses. But  
 the compassionate case of very many is, that they  
 are taken into such hands without any the least  
 suspicion, previous temptation, or admonition to  
 what place they are going. The last week I went

to an inn in the city, to inquire for some provisions which were sent by a waggon out of the country ; and as I waited in one of the boxes till the chamberlain had looked over his parcels, I heard an old and a young voice repeating the questions and responses of the Church Catechism. I thought it no breach of good manners to peep at a crevice, and look in at people so well employed ; but who should I see there but the most artful procuress in the town, examining a most beautiful country girl, who had come up in the same waggon with my things, “ whether she was well educated, could forbear playing the wanton with servants and idle fellows, of which this town,” says she, “ is too full ? ” At the same time, “ whether she knew enough of breeding, as that if a squire or a gentleman, or one that was her betters, should give her a civil salute, she should courtesy, and be humble nevertheless.” Her innocent “ forsooths,” “ yes’s,” “ an’t please you’s,” and “ she would do her endeavour,” moved the good old lady to take her out of the hands of a country bumpkin, her brother, and hire her for her own maid. I staid till I saw them all marched out to take coach ; the brother loaded with a great cheese, he prevailed upon her to take for her civilities to his sister. This poor creature’s fate is not far off that of her’s whom I spoke of above ; and it is not to be doubted, but after she has been long enough a prey to lust she will be delivered over to famine. The ironical commendation of the industry and charity of these antiquated ladies, these directors of sin after they can no longer commit it, makes up the beauty of the inimitable dedication to the Plain Dealer, and is a masterpiece of raillery on this vice. But to understand all the purlieus of this game the better, and to illustrate this subject in future discourses, I must venture myself, with my friend Will, into the haunts of beauty and gallantry ; from pampered

vice in the habitations of the wealthy, to distressed, indigent wickedness expelled the harbours of the brothel. T.

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— *Ævo rarissima nostro*

*Simplicitas.*

OVID. *Ars Am.* lib. i, ver. 241.

And brings our old simplicity again. DRYDEN.

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave, elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me "that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn walks." As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me, "that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene," and that "he desired I would immediately meet him."

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, "that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg."

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn walks, but I heard my friend, upon the terrace, hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any, who take notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who, before he saw me, was engaged in conversation with a beggar man, that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me, my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Doctor Barrow. "I have left," says he, "all my affairs in his hands, and, being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners."

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob, and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me, that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country, who had good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me, that Moll White was dead; and that, about a month after her death, the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But, for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holi-



days ; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him, that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season ; that he had dealt about his chines very liberally among his neighbours ; and that, in particular, he had sent a string of hogs' puddings, with a pack of cards, to every poor family in the parish. "I have-often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a-running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and mince pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of parliament for securing the church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect ; for that a rigid dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of plumb-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me, with a kind of smile, whether Sir Andrew had not taken the advantage of his

absence to vent among them some of his public doctrines; but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "do not you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's procession?" But without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

The knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place, where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general; and I found, that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea till the knight had got all his conveniences about him.

L.

— *Tribus Anticyris caput insanabile* —

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 300.

A head no hellebore can cure.

I WAS yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious observations, which he had lately made in the anatomy of a human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries, which he had also made on the same subject by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions, which were started on this occasion, presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that, by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild, extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a beau's head and of a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains were not such in reality, but an heap of strange materials, wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For as Homer tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found, that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance,



cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye; insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sin-ciput, that was filled with ribbands, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of net work, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a-sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side of the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left, with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *Galimatias*, and the English, *Nonsense*.



The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded, that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The os cribriforme was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, saving only that the muscoli amatorii, or as we may translate it into English, the ogling muscles, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. we were informed, that the person to whom this head belonged had passed for a man above five-and-thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions

had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head, with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repository of dissection; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quicksilver.

He applied himself in the next place to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but being unwilling to burden my reader's memory too much, I shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day. C.

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*Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.*

VIRG. *Æn.* iv, ver. 64.

Anxious the reeking entrails he consults.

HAVING already given an account of the dissection of a beap's head, with the several discoveries made on that occasion; I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a coquette's heart, and communicate to the public such

particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waved this undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau.

It is therefore in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without farther preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the pericardium, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively, and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and being stopt here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer, to show the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the

company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette, whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that, instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat, came into his house; nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this invention whenever he had a man of sense, or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the pericardium, or the case and liquor above mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the mucro, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, whilst it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it, or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise, that several



of those little nerves in the heart, which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians described the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take notice of what lay first and uppermost ; which, upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured hood.

We were informed, that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness ; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitude of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart ; but to our great surprise, not a single print of this nature discovered itself till we came into the very core and centre of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time ; when at length, one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol, which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart, was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapour. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

L.

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*Magister artis et largitor ingenii*

*Venter ———*

PERS. Prolog. ver. 10.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

LUCIAN rallies the philosophers in his time, who could not agree whether they should admit riches into the number of real goods; the professors of the severer sects threw them quite out, while others as resolutely inserted them.

I am apt to believe, that, as the world grew more polite, the rigid doctrines of the first were wholly discarded; and I do not find any one so hardy at present as to deny, that there are very great advantages in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune. Indeed the best and wisest of men, though they may possibly despise a good part of those things which the world calls pleasures, can, I think, hardly be insensible of that weight and dignity which a

moderate share of wealth adds to their characters, counsels, and actions.

We find it is a general complaint in professions and trades, that the richest members of them are chiefly encouraged; and this is falsely imputed to the ill-nature of mankind, who are ever bestowing their favours on such as least want them. Whereas, if we fairly consider their proceedings in this case, we shall find them founded on undoubted reason: since supposing both equally in their natural integrity, I ought in common prudence to fear foul play from an indigent person, rather than from one whose circumstances seem to have placed him above the bare temptation of money.

This reason also makes the commonwealth regard her richest subjects as those who are most concerned for her quiet and interest, and consequently fittest to be intrusted with her highest employments. On the contrary, Catiline's saying to those men of desperate fortunes, who applied themselves to him, and of whom he afterwards composed his army, that they had nothing to hope for but a civil war, was too true not to make the impressions he desired.

I believe I need not fear but that what I have said in praise of money will be more than sufficient with most of my readers to excuse the subject of my present paper, which I intend as an essay on the ways to raise a man's fortune, or the art of growing rich.

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift. All men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue; and I believe there are very few persons, who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune.

Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift. I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs.

Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.  
Never defer that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.  
Never neglect small matters and expenses.

A third instrument in growing rich is method in business, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous de Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend, "How he was able to dispatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged," replied, "That his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. If," says he, "I have any necessary dispatches to make, I think of nothing else till those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them till they are set in order."

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business; and that without it, the greatest parts and most lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to an happy issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they despise wealth in comparison of something else; or at least are not content to be getting an estate, unless they may do it in their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

But besides these ordinary forms of growing rich, it must be allowed that there is room for genius, as well in this as in all other circumstances of life.



Though the ways of getting money were long since very numerous, and though so many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily sit down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of Scaramouche, the first famous Italian comedian, that being at Paris, and in great want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out, who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them: when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who, finding out the trick, called it *Tabac de mille fleurs*, or snuff of a thousand flowers. The story farther tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, till, making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has with great industry and application attained to the art of beating the grenadiers' march on his chin. I am credibly informed, that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a

great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expenses thither. This ingenious author, being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brickdust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, "Poison for Monsieur;" upon a second, "Poison for the Dauphin," and on a third, "Poison for the King." Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man, and a good subject, might get a sight of them.

The plot succeeded as he desired. The host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state: the secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expense with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais, and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent drole would have been sent to the galleys.

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which could arrive such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that had not he discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been able to carry on the last war.

I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general, but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune; having observed since my being a Spectator in the world, greater estates got about Change, than at Whitehall or St. James's. I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not, however, close this essay, without ob-

serving, that what has been said is only intended for persons in the common ways of thriving, and is not designed for those men who from low beginnings push themselves up to the top of states, and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of saving is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than thrift to disappoint the ends of ambition; it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles, while it is at the same time forming some great design.

I may therefore compare these men to a great poet, who, as Longinus says, "while he is full of the most magnificent ideas, is not always at leisure to mind the little beauties and niceties of his art."

I would however have all my readers take great care how they mistake themselves for uncommon geniuses, and men above rule, since it is very easy for them to be deceived in this particular. X.

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— *Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cavit natura* —

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 351.

But in a poem elegantly writ,  
I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,  
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE considered Milton's Paradise Lost under those four great heads of the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language, and have shown that he excels, in general, under each of these heads.

I hope that I have made several discoveries which may appear new, even to those who are versed in critical learning. Were I indeed to choose my readers, by whose judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the French and Italian critics, but also with the ancient and modern, who have written in either of the

learned languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the Greek and Latin poets, without which a man very often fancies that he understands a critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticism as in all other sciences and speculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and observations, which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little hints, that had passed in his mind, perfected and improved in the works of a good critic; whereas one, who has not these previous lights, is very often an utter stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient, that a man, who sets up for a judge in criticism, should have perused the authors above mentioned, unless he has also a clear and logical head. Without this talent, he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own blunders, mistakes the sense of those he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearness and perspicuity. Aristotle, who was the best critic, was also one of the best logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. Locke's *Essay on Human Understanding* would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himself master of, who could get a reputation by critical writings; though at the same time it is very certain that an author, who has not learned the art of distinguishing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts and setting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will lose himself in confusion and obscurity. I might farther observe, that there is not a Greek or Latin critic who has not shown, even in the style of his criticisms, that he was a master of all the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd



than for a man to set up for a critic, without a good insight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of those, who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by works of this nature among our English writers, are not only defective in the above mentioned particulars, but plainly discover, by the phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary systems of arts and sciences. A few general rules, extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate, heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic.

One great mark, by which you may discover a critic, who has neither taste nor learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any passage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the public, and that his criticism turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a critic is so very easy to succeed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publishing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn several passages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. Dryden has very agreeably remarked in those two celebrated lines:—

“Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow:

He who would search for pearls must dive below.”

A true critic ought rather to dwell upon excellencies than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation. The most exquisite words and finest strokes of an author are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a relish for polite learning; and they are these which a sour, undistinguishing critic generally attacks with the greatest violence. Tully observes, that it is very easy

to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into English, a glowing, bold expression, and to turn it into ridicule by a cold, ill-natured criticism. A little wit is equally capable of exposing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault; and though such a treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an understanding reader, it has however its effect among the generality of those whose hands it falls into; the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at, with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in itself.

Such a mirth as this is always unseasonable in a critic, as it rather prejudices the reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty, as well as a blemish, the subject of derision. A man, who cannot write with wit on a proper subject, is dull and stupid; but one, who shows it in an improper place, is as impertinent and absurd. Besides, a man, who has the gift of ridicule, is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often censures a passage, not because there is any fault in it, but because he cannot be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleasantry are very unfair and disingenuous in works of criticism, in which the greatest masters, both ancient and modern, have always appeared with a serious and instructive air.

As I intend, in my next paper, to show the defects in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, I thought fit to premise these few particulars, to the end that the reader may know I enter upon it as on a very ungrateful work, and that I shall just point at the imperfections, without endeavouring to inflame them with ridicule. I must also observe with Longinus, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapses and inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of author, which are scrupulously

exact, and conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I shall conclude this paper with a story out of Boccolini, which sufficiently shows us the opinion that judicious author entertained of the sort of critics I have been here mentioning. "A famous critic," says he, "having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a present of them to Apollo, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a sack of wheat, as it had been just thrashed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aside by itself. The critic applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and after having made the due separation was presented by Apollo with the chaff for his pains. L.

*Malo Venusinam, quam te, Cornelia mater  
Graccorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers  
Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.  
Tolle tuum precor Annibalem victumque Syphacem  
In castris : et cum tota Carthagine migra.*

JUV. Sat. vi, ver. 166.

Some country girl, scarce to a curt'sey bred,  
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed ;  
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,  
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.  
Away with all your Carthaginian state ;  
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait ;  
Too bulky and too big to pass my narrow gate.

DRYDEN.

IT is observed, that a man improves more by reading the story of a person eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the finest rules and precepts of morality. In the same manner, a representation of

those calamities and misfortunes, which a weak man suffers from wrong measures and ill concerted schemes of life, is apt to make a deeper impression upon our minds than the wisest maxims and instructions that can be given us for avoiding the like follies and indiscretions in our own private conduct. It is for this reason that I lay before my reader the following letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any reflections of my own upon the subject-matter.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ Having carefully perused a letter sent you by Josiah Fribble, Esq., with your subsequent discourse upon pin money, I do presume to trouble you with an account of my own case, which I look upon to be no less deplorable than that of 'Squire Fribble. I am a person of no extraction, having begun the world with a small parcel of rusty iron, and was for some years commonly known by the name of Jack Anvil. I have naturally a very happy genius for getting money, insomuch that, by the age of five-and-twenty, I had scraped together four thousand two hundred pounds five shillings and a few odd pence. I then launched out into considerable business, and became a bold trader both by sea and land, which in a few years raised me a very considerable fortune. For these my good services I was knighted, in the thirty-fifth year of my age, and lived with great dignity among my city neighbours by the name of Sir John Anvil. Being in my temper very ambitious, I was now bent upon making a family, and accordingly resolved that my descendants should have a dash of good blood in their veins. In order to this, I made love to the Lady Mary Oddly, an indigent young woman of quality. To cut short the marriage-treaty, I threw her a *carte blanche*, as our newspapers call it, desiring her to write upon it her own terms. She



was very concise in her demands, insisting only, that the disposal of my fortune and the regulation of my family should be entirely in her hands. Her father and brothers appeared exceedingly averse to this match, and would not see me for some time; but at present are so well reconciled that they dine with me almost every day, and have borrowed considerable sums of me, which my Lady Mary very often twits me with, when she would show me how kind her relations are to me. She had no portion, as I told you before; but what she wanted in fortune she makes up in spirit. She at first changed my name to Sir John Envil, and at present writes herself Mary Enville. I have had some children by her, whom she has christened with the surnames of her family, in order, as she tells me, to wear out the homeliness of their parentage by the father's side. Our eldest son is the honourable Oddly Enville, Esq.; and our eldest daughter Harriot Enville. Upon her first coming into my family she turned off a parcel of very careful servants, who had been long with me, and introduced in their stead a couple of blackamoors, and three or four genteel fellows in laced liveries, besides her French woman, who is perpetually making a noise in the house in a language which nobody understands except my Lady Mary. She next set herself to reform every room of my house, having glazed all my chimney-pieces with looking-glass, and planted every corner with such heaps of china, that I am obliged to move about my own house with the greatest caution and circumspection, for fear of hurting some of our brittle furniture. She makes an illumination once a week with wax-candles in one of the largest rooms, in order, as she phrases it, to see company: at which time she always desires me to be abroad, or to confine myself to the cock-loft, that I may not disgrace her among her visitants of quality. Her footmen, as I told you before, are

such beaux, that I do much care for asking them questions: when I do, they answer me with a saucy frown, and say that every thing, which I find fault with, was done by my Lady Mary's order. She tells me, that she intends they shall wear swords with their next liveries, having lately observed the footmen of two or three persons of quality hanging behind the coach with swords by their sides. As soon as the first honeymoon was over, I represented to her the unreasonableness of those daily innovations which she made in my family; but she told me I was no longer to consider myself as Sir John Anvil, but as her husband; and added with a frown, that I did not seem to know who she was. I was surprised to be treated thus, after such familiarities as had passed between us. But she has since given me to know, that whatever freedoms she may sometimes indulge me in, she expects in general to be treated with the respect that is due to her birth and quality. Our children have been trained up from their infancy with so many accounts of their mother's family, that they know the stories of all the great men and women it has produced. Their mother tells them, that such an one commanded in such a sea engagement, that their great grandfather had a horse shot under him at Edge Hill, that their uncle was at the siege of Buda, and that her mother danced in a ball at court with the Duke of Monmouth; with abundance of fiddle-faddle of the same nature. I was the other day a little out of countenance at a question of my little daughter Harriot, who asked me with a great deal of innocence, why I never told them of the generals and admirals that had been in my family. As for my eldest son, Oddly, he has been so spirited up by his mother, that, if he does not mend his manners, I shall go near to disinherit him. He drew his sword upon me before he was nine years old, and told me, that he expected to be used like a gentleman;

upon my offering to correct him for his insolence, my Lady Mary stept in between us, and told me, that I ought to consider there was some difference between his mother and mine. She is perpetually finding out the features of her own relations in every one of my children, though, by the way, I have a little chub-faced boy as like me as he can stare, if I durst say so. But what most angers me, when she sees me playing with any of them upon my knee, she has begged me more than once to converse with the children as little as possible, that they may not learn any of my awkward tricks.

“ You must farther know, since I am opening my heart to you, that she thinks herself my superior in sense, as much as she is in quality; and therefore treats me like a plain, well-meaning man, who does not know the world. She dictates to me in my own business, sets me right in point of trade; and, if I disagree with her about any of my ships at sea, wonders that I will dispute with her, when I know very well that her great grandfather was a flag-officer.

“ To complete my sufferings, she has teased me for this quarter of a year last past, to remove into one of the squares at the other end of the town, promising for my encouragement, that I shall have as good a cock-loft as any gentleman in the square; to which the honourable Oddly Enville, Esq. always adds, like a jackanapes as he is, that he hopes it will be as near the court as possible.

“ In short, Mr. Spectator, I am so much out of my natural element, that to recover my old way of life I would be content to begin the world again, and be plain Jack Anvil; but alas! I am in for life, and am bound to subscribe myself, with great sorrow of heart,

“ Your humble Servant,  
“ JOHN ENVILLE, Knt.”

————— *Lachrymæque decoræ*  
*Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.*

VIRG. *Æn.* v, ver. 343.

Becoming sorrows, and a virtuous mind,  
 More lovely, in a beauteous form enshrined.

I READ what I give for the entertainment of this day with a great deal of pleasure, and publish it just as it came to my hands. I shall be very glad to find there are many guessed at for Emilia.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ If this paper has the good fortune to be honoured with a place in your writings, I shall be the more pleased, because the character of Emilia is not an imaginary but a real one. I have industriously obscured the whole, by the addition of one or two circumstances of no consequence, that the person it is drawn from might still be concealed; and that the writer of it might not be in the least suspected, and for some other reasons, I choose not to give it the form of a letter; but, if besides the faults of the composition, there be any thing in it more proper for a correspondent than the Spectator himself to write, I submit it to your better judgment to receive any other model you think fit. I am, Sir,

“ Your very humble Servant.

“ There is nothing which gives one so pleasing a prospect of human nature as the contemplation of wisdom and beauty: the latter is the peculiar portion of that sex which is therefore called fair; but the happy concurrence of both these excellencies in the same person is a character too celestial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an overweening, self-sufficient thing, careless of providing itself any more substantial ornaments; nay, so little does it consult its own interests, that it too often defeats itself by



betraying that innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous. Whilst I am considering these two perfections gloriously united in one person, I cannot help representing to my mind the image of Emilia.

“ Who ever beheld the charming Emilia, without feeling in his breast at once the glow of love and the tenderness of virtuous friendship? The unstudied graces of her behaviour, and the pleasing accents of her tongue, insensibly draw you on to wish for a nearer enjoyment of them; but even her smiles carry in them a silent reproof to the impulses of licentious love. Thus, though the attractives of her beauty play almost irresistibly upon you and create desire, you immediately stand corrected, not by the severity but the decency of her virtue. That sweetness and good humour, which is so visible in her face, naturally diffuses itself into every word and action: a man must be a savage, who, at the sight of Emilia, is not more inclined to do her good than gratify himself. Her person, as it is thus studiously embellished by nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated graces, is a fit lodging for a mind so fair and lovely; there dwell rational piety, modest hope, and cheerful resignation.

“ Many of the prevailing passions of mankind do undeservedly pass under the name of religion; which is thus made to express itself in action, according to the nature of the constitution in which it resides; so that, were we to make a judgment from appearances, one would imagine religion in some is little better than sullenness and reserve, in many fear, in others the desponding of a melancholy complexion, in others the formality of insignificant, unaffecting observances, in others severity, in others ostentation. In Emilia it is a principle founded in reason and en-

livened with hope ; it does not break forth into irregular fits and sallies of devotion, but is an uniform and consistent tenor of action : it is strict without severity, compassionate without weakness ; it is the perfection of that good-humour which proceeds from the understanding, not the effect of an easy constitution.

“ By a generous sympathy in nature, we feel ourselves disposed to mourn when any of our fellow creatures are afflicted : but injured innocence, and beauty in distress, is an object that carries in it something inexpressibly moving ; it softens the most manly heart with the tenderest sensations of love and compassion, till at length it confesses its humanity, and flows out into tears.

“ Were I to relate that part of Emilia’s life which has given her an opportunity of exerting the heroism of Christianity, it would make too sad, too tender a story ; but when I consider her alone in the midst of her distresses, looking beyond this gloomy vale of affliction and sorrow into the joys of heaven and immortality, and when I see her in conversation thoughtless and easy, as if she were the most happy creature in the world, I am transported with admiration. Surely never did such a philosophic soul inhabit such a beauteous form ! for beauty is often made a privilege against thought and reflection ; it laughs at wisdom, and will not abide the gravity of its instructions.

“ Were I able to represent Emilia’s virtues in their proper colours and their due proportions, love or flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the picture larger than life ; but as this is but an imperfect draught of so excellent a character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any interest in her person, all that I can say of her is but impartial praise, extorted from me by the prevailing brightness of her virtues. So rare a patron of female ex-

cellence ought not to be concealed, but should be set out to the view and imitation of the world; for how aimable does virtue appear thus, as it were, made visible to us in so fair an example!

“Honorias disposition is of a very different turn; her thoughts are wholly bent upon conquest and arbitrary power. That she has some wit and beauty nobody denies, and therefore has the esteem of all her acquaintance, as a woman of an agreeable person and conversation; but (whatever her husband may think of it) that is not sufficient for Honorias: she waves that title to respect as a mean acquisition, and demands veneration in the right of an idol; for this reason her natural desire of life is continually checked with an inconsistent fear of wrinkles and old age.

“Emilia cannot be supposed ignorant of her personal charms, though she seems to be so; but she will not hold her happiness upon so precarious a tenure, whilst her mind is adorned with beauties of a more exalted and lasting nature. When in the full bloom of youth and beauty we saw her surrounded with a crowd of adorers, she took no pleasure in slaughter and destruction, gave no false deluding hopes which might increase the torments of her disappointed lovers; but having for some time given to the decency of a virgin coyness, and examined the merit of their several pretensions, she at length gratified her own, by resigning herself to the ardent passion of Bromius. Bromius was then master of many good qualities, and a moderate fortune, which was, soon after unexpectedly increased to a plentiful estate. This for a good while proved his misfortune, as it furnished his inexperienced age with the opportunities of evil company and a sensual life. He might have longer wandered in the labyrinths of vice and folly, had not Emilia's prudent conduct won him over to the government of his reason. Her ingenuity has been constantly employed in human-

izing his passions and refining his pleasures: she has showed him, by her own example, that virtue is consistent with decent freedoms and good humour, or rather, that it cannot subsist without them. Her good sense readily instructed her, that a silent example, and an easy, unrepining behaviour, will always be more persuasive than the severity of lectures and admonitions; and that there is so much pride interwoven into the make of human nature, that an obstinate man must only take the hint from another, and then be left to advise and correct himself. Thus, by an artful train of management, and unseen persuasions, having at first brought him not to dislike, and at length to be pleased with that which otherwise he would not have bore to hear of, she then knew how to press and secure this advantage, by approving it as his thought, and seconding it as his proposal. By this means she has gained an interest in some of his leading passions, and made them accessory to his reformation.

“ There is another particular of Emilia’s conduct which I cannot forbear mentioning: to some perhaps it may at first sight appear but a trifling, inconsiderable circumstance; but for my part, I think it highly worthy of observation, and to be recommended to the consideration of the fair sex. I have often thought wrapping gowns and dirty linen, with all that huddled economy of dress which passes under the general name of *a mob*, the bane of conjugal love, and one of the readiest means imaginable to alienate the affection of an husband, especially a fond one. I have heard some ladies, who have been surprised by company in such a dishabille, apologise for it after this manner: ‘ Truly I am ashamed to be caught in this pickle; but my husband and I were sitting all alone by ourselves, and I did not expect to see such good company.’—This, by the way, is a fine compliment to the good man, which, ’tis ten to one, but he returns in dogged answers and



a churlish behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of humour.

“ Emilia’s observation teaches her, that as little inadvertencies and neglects cast a blemish upon a great character; so the neglect of apparel, even among the most intimate friends, does insensibly lessen their regards to each other, by creating a familiarity too low and contemptible. She understands the importance of those things which the generality account trifles; and considers every thing as a matter of consequence, that has the least tendency towards keeping up or abating the affection of her husband; him she esteems as a fit object to employ her ingenuity in pleasing, because he is to be pleased for life.

“ By the help of these, and a thousand other nameless arts, which it is easier for her to practise than for another to express, by the obstinacy of her goodness and unprovoked submission, in spite of all her afflictions and ill usage, Bromius is become a man of sense and a kind husband, and Emilia a happy wife.

“ Ye guardian angels, to whose care heaven has entrusted its dear Emilia, guide her still forward in the paths of virtue, defend her from the insolence and wrongs of this undiscerning world; at length, when we must no more converse with such purity on earth, lead her gently hence, innocent and un-reprovable, to a better place, where, by an easy transition from what she now is, she may shine forth an angel of light. T.

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*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis*

*Tempus eget* ——— VIRG. Æn. ii, ver. 251.

These times want other aids.

DRYDEN.

OUR late newspapers being full of the project now

on foot in the court of France, for establishing a political academy, and I myself having received letters from several virtuosos among my foreign correspondents, which give some light into that affair, I intend to make it the subject of this day's speculation. A general account of this project may be met with in the *Daily Courant* of last Friday, in the following words, translated from the *Gazette of Amsterdam*.

“ *Paris, February 12.* 'Tis confirmed, that the king has resolved to establish a new academy for politics, of which the Marquis de Torcy, minister and secretary of state, is to be protector. Six academicians are to be chosen, endowed with proper talents, for beginning to form this academy, into which no person is to be admitted under twenty-five years of age. They must likewise have each an estate of two thousand livres a-year, either in possession, or to come to them by inheritance. The king will allow to each a pension of a thousand livres. They are likewise to have able masters to teach them the necessary sciences, and to instruct them in all the treaties of peace, alliance, and others, which have been made in several ages past. These members are to meet twice a week at the Louvre. From this seminary are to be chosen secretaries to embassies, who by degrees may advance to higher employments.”

Cardinal Richlieu's politics made France the terror of Europe; the statesmen, who have appeared in that nation of late years, have, on the contrary, rendered it either the pity or contempt of its neighbours. The cardinal erected that famous academy which has carried all the parts of polite learning to the greatest height. His chief design in that institution was to divert the men of genius from meddling with politics, a province in which he did not care to have any one else interfere with him.

On the contrary, the Marquis de Torcy seems resolved to make several young men in France as wise as himself, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a nursery of statesmen.

Some private letters add, that there will also be erected a seminary of petticoat politicians, who are to be brought up at the feet of Madam de Maintenon, and to be dispatched into foreign courts upon any emergencies of state; but as the news of this last project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no farther notice of it.

Several of my readers may doubtless remember, that upon the conclusion of the last war, which had been carried on so successfully by the enemy, their generals were many of them transformed into ambassadors; but the conduct of those, who have commanded in the present war, has, it seems, brought so little honour and advantage to their great monarch, that he is resolved to trust his affairs no longer in the hands of those military gentlemen.

The regulations of this new academy very much deserve our attention. The students are to have in possession, or reversion, an estate of two thousand French livres *per annum*, which, as the present exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty-six pounds English. This, with the royal allowance of a thousand livres, will enable them to find themselves in coffee and snuff; not to mention newspapers, pens and ink, wax and wafers, with the like necessities for politicians.

A man must be at least five-and-twenty before he can be initiated into the mysteries of this academy; though there is no question, but many grave persons of a much more advanced age, who have been constant readers of the Paris Gazette, will be glad to begin the world anew, and enter themselves upon this list of politicians.

The society of these hopeful young gentlemen is

to be under the direction of six professors, who, it seems, are to be speculative statesmen, and drawn out of the body of the Royal Academy. These six wise masters, according to my private letters, are to have the following parts allotted to them.

The first is to instruct the students in state legerdemain, as how to take off the impression of a seal, to split a wafer, to open a letter, to fold it up again, with the other like ingenious feats of dexterity and art. When the students have accomplished themselves in this part of their profession, they are to be delivered into the hands of their second instructor, who is a kind of posture-master.

This artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their shoulders in a dubious case, to connive with either eye, and, in a word, the whole practice of political grimace.

The third is a sort of language master, who is to instruct them in the style proper for a foreign minister in his ordinary discourse. And to the end that this college of statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the political style, they are to make use of it in their common conversations, before they are employed either in foreign or domestic affairs. If one of them asks another what o'clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn off the question. If he is desired to change a Louis d'or, he must beg time to consider of it. If it be inquired of him, whether the king is at Versailles or Marly, he must answer in a whisper. If he be asked the news of the last gazette, or the subject of a proclamation, he is to reply that he has not yet read it; or, if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his brow up in wrinkles, or elevate the left shoulder.

The fourth professor is to teach the whole art of political characters and hieroglyphics; and to the end that they may be perfect also in this practice,



they are not to send a note to one another (though it be but to borrow a Tacitus or a Machiavel) which is not written in cypher.

Their fifth professor, it is thought, will be chosen out of the society of Jesuits, and is to be well read in the controversies of probable doctrines, mental reservations, and the rights of princes. This learned man is to instruct them in the grammar, syntax, and construing part of treaty Latin; how to distinguish between the spirit and the letter, and likewise demonstrate how the same form of words may lay an obligation upon any prince in Europe, different from that which it lays upon his most Christian Majesty. He is likewise to teach them the art of finding flaws, loop-holes, and evasions, in the most solemn compacts, and particularly a great rabbinical secret, revived of late years by the fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory interpretations of the same article may both of them be true and valid.

When our statesmen are sufficiently improved by these several instructors, they are to receive their last polishing from one who is to act among them as Master of the Ceremonies. This gentleman is to give them lectures upon the important points of the elbow-chair and the stairhead, to instruct them in the different situations of the right hand, and to furnish them with bows and inclinations of all sizes, measures, and proportions. In short, this professor is to give the society their stiffening, and infuse into their manners that beautiful political starch, which may qualify them for levees, conferences, visits, and make them shine in what vulgar minds are apt to look upon as trifles.

I have not yet heard any farther particulars, which are to be observed in this society of unfledged statesmen; but I must confess, had I a son of five-and-twenty, that should take it into his

head at that age to set up for a politician, I think I should go near to disinherit him for a blockhead. Besides, I should be apprehensive lest the same arts, which are to enable him to negotiate between potentates, might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between man and man. There is no question but these young Machiavels will, in a little time, turn their college upside down with plots and stratagems, and lay as many schemes to circumvent one another in a frog or sallad, as they may hereafter put in practice to overreach a neighbouring prince or state.

We are told, that the Spartans, though they punished theft in their young men when it was discovered, looked upon it as honourable if it succeeded. Provided the conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a youth might afterwards boast of it. This, say the historians, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder them from being imposed upon, either in their public or private negotiations. Whether any such relaxations of morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended seminary of politicians, I shall leave to the wisdom of their founder.

In the mean time, we have fair warning given us by this doughty body of statesmen; and as Scylla saw many Mariuses in Cæsar, so I think we may discover many Torcys in this college of Academicians. Whatever we think of ourselves, I am afraid neither our Smyrna or St. James's will be match for it. Our coffee houses are indeed very good institutions; but whether or no these our British schools of politics may furnish out as able envoys and secretaries as an academy that is set apart for that purpose, will deserve our serious consideration, especially if we remember that our country is more famous for producing men of integrity than statesmen; and that, on the contrary,

French truth and British policy make a conspicuous figure in NOTHING, as the Earl of Rochester has very well observed in his admirable poem upon that barren subject. L.

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*Libertas, quæ sera, tamen respexit inertem.*

VIRG. Ecl. i, ver. 28.

Freedom, which came at length, though slow to come.  
 DRYDEN.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“IF you ever read a letter which is sent with the more pleasure for the reality of its complaints, this may have reason to hope for a favourable acceptance; and, if time be the most irretrievable loss, the regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my liberty from a long state of indolence and inactivity, and the desire of resisting the farther encroachments of idleness, make me apply to you; and the uneasiness with which I recollect the past years, and the apprehensions with which I expect the future, soon determined me to it.

“Idleness is so general a distemper, that I cannot but imagine a speculation on this subject will be of universal use. There is hardly any one person without some alloy of it; and thousands besides myself spend more time in an idle uncertainty which to begin first of two affairs, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The occasion of this seems to be the want of some necessary employment to put the spirits in motion, and awaken them out of their lethargy. If I had less leisure, I should have more; for I should then find my time distinguished into portions, some for business, and others for the indulging of pleasures; but now one face of indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no landmark to direct myself

by. Were one's time a little straitened by business, like water inclosed in its banks, it would have some determined course ; but unless it be put into some channel, it has no current, but becomes a deluge without either use or motion.

“ When Scanderbeg, prince of Epirus, was dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt the force of his arm in the battles he had won from them, imagined, that by wearing a piece of his bones near their heart, they should be animated with a vigour and force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little use whilst I live, I am resolved to do what good I can after my decease ; and have accordingly ordered my bones to be disposed of in this manner for the good of my countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a degree of fire. All fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in a short time be brought to endure their beds in a morning, and perhaps even quit them with regret at ten ; instead of hurrying away to tease a poor animal, and run away from their own thoughts, a chair or a chariot would be thought the most desirable means of performing a remove from one place to another. I should be a cure for the unnatural desire of John Trott for dancing, and a specific to lessen the inclination Mrs. Fidget has to motion, and cause her always to give her approbation to the present place she is in. In fine, no Egyptian mummy was ever half so useful in physic, as I should be to these feverish constitutions, to repress the violent sallies of youth, and give each action its proper weight and repose.

“ I can stifle any violent inclination, and oppose a torrent of anger, or the solicitations of revenge, with success. But indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature



were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. It were as little hazard to be tossed in a storm as to lie thus perpetually becalmed; and it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding: a faculty of doing things remarkably praiseworthy, thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it.

"To-morrow is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified: to-morrow comes, it goes, and still I please myself with the shadow, whilst I lose the reality; unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as parents in their children) in the actions it has produced.

"The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use that has been made of it: thus 'tis not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent which gives the value of the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures! in the only place where covetousness were a virtue, we turn prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly, and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that which is above the price of an estate is flung away with disregard and contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided as a solicitous improvement of every part of time. 'Tis a report must be shunned as one tenders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as one fears the dreadful character of a laborious plodder: but, notwithstanding this, the great-

est wits any age has produced thought far otherwise ; for who can think either Socrates or Demosthenes lost any reputation by their continual pains both in overcoming the defects and improving the gifts of nature. All are acquainted with the labour and assiduity with which Tully acquired his eloquence. Seneca, in his Letters to Lucilius, assures him, there was not a day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomize some good author ; and I remember Pliny in one of his letters, where he gives an account of the various methods he used to fill up every vacancy of time, after several employments which he enumerates : ‘ Sometimes,’ says he, ‘ I hunt ; but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that, whilst my servants are busied in disposing of the nets and other matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my studies ; and that, if I miss of my game, I may at least bring home some of my own thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing all day.’

“ Thus, Sir, you see how many examples I rec<sup>d</sup>al to mind, and what arguments I use with myself, to regain my liberty ; but, as I am afraid ’tis no ordinary persuasion that will be of service, I shall expect your thoughts on this subject with the greatest impatience, especially since the good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of universal use. For there is no hopes of amendment where men are pleased with their ruin, and whilst they think laziness is a desirable character ; whether it be that they like the state itself, or that they think it gives them a new lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without labour and application which others attain to but with the greatest diligence. I am, Sir,

“ Your most obliged humble servant,

“ SAMUEL SLACK.”

— *Fruges consumere nati.*

HOR. Ep. ii, lib. i, ver. 27.

— Born to drink and eat.

CREECH.

AUGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, asked his friends, who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, "Let me then," says he, "go off the stage with your applause;" using the expression with which the Roman actors made their exit at the conclusion of a dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them; whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to advantage in the next. Let the sycophant or buffoon, the satirist or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it would redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations and eulogiums on deceased persons, who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance; they leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been; they are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor ce-

lebrated by the learned; they are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons; their actions are of no significancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose: "I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance, and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed, from morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase is, in polishing marble."

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew showed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

"*MONDAY, Eight o'clock.* I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

"*Nine o'clock, ditto.* Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

"*Hours, ten, eleven, and twelve.* Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go on ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.



" *One o'clock in the afternoon.* Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco box.

" *Two o'clock.* Sat down to dinner. *Mem.* Too many plumbs, and no sewet.

" *From three to four.* Took my afternoon's nap.

" *From four to six.* Walked into the fields. Wind, S. S. E.

" *From six to ten.* At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about peace.

" *Ten o'clock.* Went to bed, slept sound.

" **TUESDAY**, being holiday, *Eight o'clock.* Rose as usual.

" *Nine o'clock.* Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soaled shoes.

" *Ten, eleven, twelve.* Took a walk to Islington.

" *One.* Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

" *Between two and three.* Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

" *Three.* Nap as usual.

" *From four to six.* Coffee house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

" *From six to ten.* At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

" *Ten.* Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

" **WEDNESDAY**, *Eight o'clock.* Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands, but not face.

" *Nine.* Paid off the butcher's bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

" *Ten, eleven.* At the coffee house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

" *From twelve to one.* Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

" *From one to two.* Smoked a pipe and a half.

" *Two.* Dined as usual. Stomach good.

" *Three.* Nap broke by the falling of a pewter

dish. *Mem.* Cookmaid in love and grown careless.

“ *From four to six.* At the coffee house. Advice from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

“ *Six o'clock in the evening.* Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. - Mr. Nisby of opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the 6th instant.

“ *Ten at night.* Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine next morning.

“ *THURSDAY, Nine o'clock.* Staid within till two o'clock for Sir Timothy, who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

“ *Two in the afternoon.* Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small beer sour. Beef over-corned.

“ *Three.* Could not take my nap.

“ *Four and five.* Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cookmaid. Sent a messenger to Sir Timothy. *Mem.* I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

“ *FRIDAY.* Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

“ *Twelve o'clock.* Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

“ *Two and three.* Dined and slept well.

“ *From four to six.* Went to the coffee house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

“ *Six o'clock.* At the club as steward. Sat late.

“ *Twelve o'clock.* Went to bed, dream'd that I drank small beer with the Grand Vizier.

“ *SATURDAY,* Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

" *Twelve.* Caught in a shower.

" *One in the afternoon.* Returned home, and dried myself.

" *Two.* Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, marrow-bones ; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

" *Three o'clock.* Overslept myself.

" *Six.* Went to to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Vizier certainly dead, &c."

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet, if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers the keeping of a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

L.

— *Non omnia possumus omnes.*

VIRG. Ecl. viii, ver. 63.

Nature on all like powers has not bestow'd.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ A CERTAIN vice, which you have lately attacked, has not yet been considered by you as growing so deep in the heart of man, that the affectation outlives the practice of it. You must have observed, that men who have been bred in arms preserve to the most extreme and feeble old age a certain daring in their aspect: in like manner, they, who have passed their time in gallantry and adventure, keep up, as well as they can, the appearance of it, and carry a petulant inclination to their last moments. Let this serve for a preface to a relation I am going to give you of an old beau in town, that has not only been amorous and a follower of women in general, but also, in spite of the admonition of grey hairs, been from his sixty-third year to his present seventieth, in an actual pursuit of a young lady, the wife of his friend, and a man of merit. The gay old Escalus has wit, good health, and is perfectly well bred; but from the fashion and manners of the court, when he was in his bloom, has such a natural tendency to amorous adventure, that he thought it would be an endless reproach to him to make no use of a familiarity he was allowed at a gentleman's house, whose good humour and confidence exposed his wife to the addresses of any who should take it in their head to do him the good office. It is not impossible that Escalus might also resent that the husband was particularly negligent of him; and though he gave many intimations of a passion towards the wife, the husband either did not see them, or put him to the contempt of overlooking them. In the mean time Isabella, for so



we shall call our heroine, saw his passion, and rejoiced in it as a foundation for much diversion, and an opportunity of indulging herself in the dear delight of being admired, addressed to, and flattered, with no ill consequence to her reputation. This lady is of a free and disengaged behaviour, ever in good humour, such as is the image of innocence with those who are innocent, and an encouragement to vice with those who are abandoned. From this kind of carriage, and an apparent approbation of his gallantry, Escalus had frequent opportunities of laying amorous epistles in her way, of fixing his eyes attentively upon her action, of performing a thousand little offices which are neglected by the unconcerned, but are so many approaches towards happiness with the enamoured. It was now, as is above hinted, almost the end of the seventh year of his passion, when Escalus, from general terms, and the ambiguous respect which criminal lovers retain in their addresses, began to bewail that his passion grew too violent for him to answer any longer for his behaviour towards her; and that he hoped she would have consideration for his long and patient respect, to excuse the motions of a heart now no longer under the direction of the unhappy owner of it. Such for some months had been the language of Escalus both in his talk and in his letters to Isabella; who returned all the profusion of kind things which had been the collection of fifty years, with 'I must not hear you; you will make me forget that you are a gentleman; I would not willingly lose you as a friend:' and the like expressions, which the skilful interpret to their own advantage, as well knowing that a feeble denial is a modest assent. I should have told you, that Isabella, during the whole progress of this amour, communicated it to her husband; and that an account of Escalus's love was their usual entertainment after

half a day's absence. Isabella therefore upon her lover's late more open assaults, with a smile told her husband she could hold out no longer, but that his fate was now come to a crisis. After she had explained herself a little farther, with her husband's approbation, she proceeded in the following manner. The next time that Escalus was alone with her, and repeated his importunity, the crafty Isabella looked on her fan with an air of great attention, as considering of what importance such a secret was to her; and upon the repetition of a warm expression, she looked at him with an eye of fondness, and told him he was past that time of life, which could make her fear he would boast of a lady's favour; then turned away her head with a very well acted confusion, which favoured the escape of the aged Escalus. This adventure was matter of great pleasantry to Isabella and her spouse; and they had enjoyed it two days before Escalus could recollect himself enough to form the following letter.

“MADAM,

“What happened the other day gives me a lively image of the inconsistency of human passions and inclinations. We pursue what we are denied, and place our affections on what is absent, though we neglected it when present. As long as you refused my love, your refusal did so strongly excite my passion, that I had not once the leisure to think of recalling my reason to aid me against the design upon your virtue. But when that virtue began to comply in my favour, my reason made an effort over my love, and let me see the baseness of my behaviour in attempting a woman of honour. I own to you, it was not without the most violent struggle, that I gained this victory over myself; nay, I will confess my shame, and acknowledge I

could not have prevailed but by flight. However, Madam, I beg that you will believe a moment's weakness has not destroyed the esteem I had for you, which was confirmed by so many years of obstinate virtue. You have reason to rejoice that this did not happen within the observation of one of the young fellows, who would have exposed your weakness, and gloried in his own brutish inclinations.

"I am, Madam,

"Your most devoted humble Servant,"

Isabella, with the help of her husband, returned the following answer:—

"SIR,

"I cannot but account myself a very happy woman, in having a man for a lover that can write so well, and give so good a turn to a disappointment. Another excellence you have above all other pretenders I ever heard of; on occasions where the most reasonable men lose all their reason, you have yours most powerful. We have each of us to thank our genius, that the passion of one abated in proportion as that of the other grew violent. Does it not yet come into your head to imagine, that I knew my compliance was the greatest cruelty I could be guilty of towards you? In return for your long and faithful passion, I must let you know that you are old enough to become a little more gravity; but if you will leave me, and coquet it anywhere else, may your mistress yield.

T.

"ISABELLA."

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*Modo vir, modo fœmina.*—

VIRG.

Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.

THE journal with which I presented my readers on

Tuesday last has brought me in several letters with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the Rake's Journal, the Sot's Journal, the Whoremaster's Journal, and, among several others, a very curious piece, entitled, The Journal of a Mohock. By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifles and impertinence than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shows the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself Clarinda, is such a journalist as I require; she seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shown her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but, as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

“DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

“You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you inclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had



several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your Spectator upon that subject.

“ *TUESDAY night.* Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

“ *WEDNESDAY, from eight till ten.* Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

“ *From ten to eleven.* Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read the Spectator.

“ *From eleven to one.* At my toilette, tried a new head. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in blue.

“ *From one till half an hour after two.* Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

“ *Till four.* At dinner. *Mem.* Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

“ *From four to six.* Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

“ *From six to eleven.* At basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

“ *THURSDAY. From eleven at night to eight in the morning.* Dreamed that I punted to Mr. Froth.

“ *From eight to ten.* Chocolate. Read two acts in Aurengzebe a-bed.

“ *From ten to eleven.* Tea table. Sent to borrow Lady Faddle's Cupid for Veny. Read the play bills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. *Mem.* Locked it up in my strong box.

“ *Rest of the Morning.* Fontange, the tire-woman,

her account of my Lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoiseshell comb. Sent Frank to know how my Lady Hectic rested after her monkey's leaping out at a window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

*" From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.*

*" From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pincushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.*

*" Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.*

*" FRIDAY. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters. Cupid and Veny.*

*" Ten o'clock. Staid within all day; not at home.*

*" From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua maker: Sorted a suit of ribbands. Broke my blue china cup.*

*" From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber, practised Lady Betty Modley's skuttle.*

*" One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes ached, and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of Aurengzebe.*

*" From three to four. Dined.*

*" From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitely at home. Conversation. Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Love-day going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townly has red hair. Mem. Mrs. Spitely whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth; I am sure it is not true.*

“ *Between twelve and one.* Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

“ SATURDAY. Rose at eight o’clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

“ *From eight to nine.* Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

“ *From nine to twelve.* Drank my tea, and dressed.

“ *From twelve to two.* At chapel. A great deal of good company. *Mem.* The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

“ *From three to four.* Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

“ *From dinner to six.* Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

“ *Six o’clock.* Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out, Anchora. Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

“ *Eleven at night.* Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

“ SUNDAY. Indisposed.

“ MONDAY. *Eight o’clock.* Waked by Miss Kitty. Aurengzebe lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs to the dumb man, according to appointment. Told me that my lover’s name began with a G. *Mem.* The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth’s name, &c.

“ Upon looking back into this my journal, I

find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill: and, indeed, never thought of considering how I did it, before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream.

“ Your humble servant.

“ CLARINDA.”

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say, my reader will pardon me the quotation.

“ *On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.*

“ Underneath this marble hearse-  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;  
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,  
Fair and learn'd, as good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.”



*Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.*

Hor. Ep. vi, lib. i, ver. 27.

With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,  
We must descend into the silent tomb.

MY friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Wesminster Abbey, "in which," says he, "there are a great many ingenious fancies." He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me farther, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man

whilst he staid in town to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzick : when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country : that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her : that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people : to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her ; " and truly," says Sir Roger, " if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good ; upon the fellow's telling him he could warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without farther ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked ; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, " A brave man I warrant

him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesly Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesly Shovel, a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner, "Dr. Busby, a great man! he whipped my grandfather: a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us, that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle."

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillow, sat himself down in the chair; and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, what authority they had to say, that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good-humour, and whispered in my ear, that if



Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward III's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward III was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry IV's, upon which he shook his head, and told us, there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head: and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since; "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger; "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry V and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting,



telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk buildings and talk over these matters with him more at leisure. L.

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo  
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.*

HOR. ARS. POET. VER. 817.

Those are the likest copies, which are drawn  
From the original of human life.

ROSCOMMON.

MY friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither had not I been told before hand, that it was a good church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this Distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me, that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the Dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles II's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have

shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dogged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added, "that, if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it: for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the forewheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure, which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people, who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering

of Pyrrhus, the knight told me, that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a natural piece of criticism; and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me, that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you, that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same



time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage."

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time, "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the Knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it told me, it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes in his madness looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satis-



fied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man. L.

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— *Errat, et illinc*

*Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus  
Spiritus : eque feris humana in corpora transit,  
Inque feras noster* —

Pythag. ap. Ovid. Metam. lib. 15, ver. 165.

— All things are but alter'd, nothing dies,  
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies,  
By time or force, or sickness dispossess'd,  
And lodges where it lights, in man or beast.

DRYDEN.

**WILL HONEYCOMB**, who loves to show upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. "Sir Paul Rycaut," says he, "gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know," says Will, "the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you," says Will, "that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes

into the body of another man, or some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us "that Jack Free-love, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very fine epistle upon this hint. Jack," says he, "was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length, observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress, in the person of the monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt," says Will, "whether it was written by Jack or the monkey."

"MADAM,

"Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, Madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself, by my great skill in the occult sciences, with a demon whom I used to converse with, that he

promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this he told me was not in his power to grant me. I then begged that, into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I might still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This he told me was within his power, and accordingly promised, on the word of a demon, that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblamably, that I was made president of a college of Brachmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity till the day of my death.

“ I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign: till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

“ Upon my next remove I found myself in the woods, under the shape of a jackall, and soon listed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after his prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half picked for my encouragement; but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three chases, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger, that I died of it.

“ In my next transmigration I was again set upon



two legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagances, and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I durst not show my head. I could no sooner step out of my house, but I was arrested by some body or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

"My soul then entered into a flying fish, and in that state led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I was in the water, and if I betook myself to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge sea-gull whetting his bill and hovering just over my head: upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark, that swallowed me down in an instant.

"I was some years afterwards, to my great surprise, an eminent banker in Lombard Street; and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious, that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon, for I had in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

"I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a mite if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with great diligence to the offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an unlucky cock-



sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

“ I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder an hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

“ I might tell you of many other transmigrations which I went through; how I was a town rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

“ But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in Æthiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the English factory, and sent over into Great Britain. I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You see, madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain: I am however very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my

person will not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favours to

“ Your most devoted humble Servant,

“ PUGG.

“ P. S. I would advise your little shock dog to keep out of my way ; for, as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won't like.”

L.

— *Quos ille timorum*

*Maximus haud urget, lethi metus ; inde ruendi*

*In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces*

*Mortis —*

LUCAN. l. v. 455.

Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,  
Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise!  
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,  
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel :  
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn  
To spare that life which must so soon return.

ROWE.

I AM very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris, to one who had lost a son that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father is, to the best of my memory, as follows : that he should consider death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy ; that while he lived he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem

we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that Epaminondas, being asked, whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himself deserved most to be esteemed? "You must first see us die," said he, "before the question can be answered."

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the Grecian or Roman history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted on it. Monsieur de St. Evremond is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of Petronius Arbiter during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflection. It was Petronius's merit, that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference, which he showed at the close of it, is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelessness and



levity rather than fortitude. The resolution of Socrates proceeded from very different motives; the consciousness of a well spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author above mentioned was so pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas More.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry; and, as Erasmus tells him in an epistle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second Democritus.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth, which had been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him at the last; he maintained the same cheerfulness of heart upon the scaffold which he used to show at his table; and, upon laying his head on the block, gave instances of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the most ordinary occurrences. His death was a piece with his life; there was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper on such an occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example; men's natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was philosophy in this extraordinary man would be frenzy in one, who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper, as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a



person who seems to me to have shown more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this instance in the history of the revolutions in Portugal, written by the Abbé de Vertot.

When Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, Emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper, which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that, if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter, in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallying his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter; where, laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

L

— *Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia.* TULL.

If virtue be the end of our being, it must either engross our whole concern, or at least take place of all our other interests.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yesterday, that the conversation of the town is so altered of late years, that a fine gentleman is at a loss for matter to start discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the talk he generally meets with. Will takes notice, that there is now an evil under the sun, which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any satirist or moralist in any age: "Men," said he, "grow knaves sooner than ever they did since the creation of the world before." If you read the tragedies of the last age, you find the artful men, and persons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleasures and sallies of youth; but now Will observes that the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you shall have a man of five-and-twenty, crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to overreach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds, that, till about the latter end of King Charles's reign, there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty; in the places of resort for conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving men's fortunes, without regard to the methods toward it. This is so fashionable, that young men form themselves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging in their general turn of mind and discourse, that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty; preferring the capacity of being artful to

gain their ends, to the merit of despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their point; in a word, from the opinion that shallow and inexperienced people entertain of the short-lived force of cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly, covered with artifice, puts on to impose upon the unthinking, produce a great authority for asserting, that nothing but truth and ingenuity has any lasting good effect, even upon a man's fortune and interest.

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to



the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty; of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard, in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and, because it is plain and open, fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them: he is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most com-



pendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words: it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than byeways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought, that God hath in his great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs: these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise, and clear sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world

for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concerns of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw; but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions: for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end; all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last. T.

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— *Navibus atque*  
*Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.*

HOR. Ep. xi, lib. i, ver. 29.

We ride and sail in quest of happiness. CREECH.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ A LADY of my acquaintance, for whom I have too much respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet action, has given occasion to this trouble: she is a widow, to whom the indulgence of a tender husband has intrusted the management of a very great fortune, and a son about sixteen, both of which she is extremely fond of. The boy has parts of the middle size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common exercises of his years with tolerable advantage, but is withal what you would call a forward youth; by the help of this last qualification, which serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best use of his learning, and display it at full length upon all occasions. Last summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the vicar before an assembly of most of the ladies in the

neighbourhood ; and from such weighty considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly persuaded that her son is a great scholar ; and that to chain him down to the ordinary methods of education with others of his age would be to cramp his faculties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

“ I happened to visit at the house last week, and missing the young gentleman at the tea-table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My lady told me, he was gone out with her woman in order to make some preparations for their equipage, for that she intended very speedily to carry him to travel. The oddness of the expression shocked me a little ; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this summer to show her son his estate in a distant country, in which he has never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young master’s prodigious improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning ; concluding, that it was now high time that he should be made acquainted with men and things ; that she had resolved he should make the tour of France and Italy ; but could not bear to have him out of her sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

“ I was going to rally her for so extravagant a resolution, but found myself not in a fit humour to meddle with a subject, that demanded the most soft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the son’s abilities or the mother’s discretion, being sensible that in both these cases, though supported with all the powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her ladyship over to my opinion,



only expose myself to her disesteem : I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the Spectator.

“ When I came to reflect at night, as my custom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but believe that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his mother’s lap, and that upon pretence of learning men and things, is a case of an extraordinary nature, and carries on it a particular stamp of folly. I did not remember to have met with its parallel within the compass of my observation, though I could call to mind some not extremely unlike it : from hence my thoughts took occasion to ramble into the general notion of travelling, as it is now made a part of education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a lad from grammar and law, and under the tuition of some poor scholar, who is willing to be banished for thirty pounds a year, and a little victuals, send him crying and snivelling into foreign countries. Thus he spends his time as children do at puppet shows, and with much the same advantage, staring and gaping at an amazing variety of strange things ; strange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the reasons and meaning of them ; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life under some skillful master of the art of instruction.

“ Can there be a more astonishing thought in nature than to consider how men should fall into so palpable a mistake ? It is a large field, and may very well exercise a sprightly genius ; but I do not remember you have yet taken a turn in it. I wish, Sir, you would make people understand, that travel is really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth ; and that to set out with it is to begin where they should end.

“ Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts is



to look into their customs and politics, and observe in what particulars they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such awkward stiffnesses and affectations in our behaviour, as may possibly have been contracted from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation. But how can any of these advantages be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first principles of manners and behaviour? To endeavour it is to build a gaudy structure without any foundation; or, if I may be allowed the expression, to work a rich embroidery upon a cobweb.

“ Another end of travelling, which deserves to be considered, is the improving our taste of the best authors of antiquity, by seeing the places where they lived, and of which they wrote; to compare the natural face of the country with the descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the picture agrees with the original. This must certainly be a most charming exercise to the mind that is rightly turned for it: besides that it may in a good measure be made subservient to morality, if the person is capable of drawing just conclusions concerning the uncertainty of human things, from the ruinous alterations time and barbarity have brought upon so many palaces, cities, and whole countries, which make the most illustrious figures in history. And this hint may be not a little improved by examining every spot of ground that we find celebrated as the scene of some famous action, or relating any footsteps of a Cato, Cicero, or Brutus, or some such great virtuous man. A nearer view of any such particular, though really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous mind to an emulation of their virtues, and

a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their bright examples, if it comes duly tempered and prepared for the impression. But this I believe you'll hardly think those to be, who are so far from entering into the sense and spirit of the ancients, that they don't yet understand their language with any exactness.

"But I have wandered from my purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond English mother, and a mother's own son, from being shown, a ridiculous spectacle, through the most polite parts of Europe. Pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish stage coach, may perhaps be healthful for the constitution of the body, yet it is apt to cause such a dizziness in young empty heads, as too often lasts their lifetime. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble Servant,

"PHILIP HOMEBRED."

*Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbra.*

Juv. Sat. xiv, ver. 109.

Vice oft is hid in virtue's fair disguise,  
And in her borrow'd form escapes inquiring eyes.

MR. LOCKE, in his Treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two chapters upon the abuse of words. The first and most palpable abuse of words, he says, is, when they are used without clear and distinct ideas: the second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the result of our contemplations and reasonings, while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same words

should constantly be used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions. "A definition," says he, "is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known." He therefore accuses those of great negligence, who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of, since, upon the fore-mentioned ground, he does not scruple to say, that he thinks morality is capable of demonstration as well as the mathematics.

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them than those two, modesty and assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for assurance.

If I was put to define modesty, I would call it, The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason, a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.



I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father ; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration ; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take assurance to be the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or motion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but, above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and, from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the prince above mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a



very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say a modest assurance; by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies, or the most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself; and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, that the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

L.

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis  
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis  
Ab insolenti temperatam  
Lætitiæ, moriture Deli.*

HOR. Od. iii, lib. ii, ver. 1.

Be calm my Delius, and serene,  
However fortune change the scene :  
In thy most dejected state,  
Sink not underneath the weight ;  
Nor yet when happy days begin,  
And the full tide comes rolling in,  
Let a fierce unruly joy  
The settled quiet of thy mind destroy.

ANON.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy : on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment ; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred person, who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions ; it is of a serious and composed nature ; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very con-

spicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man, who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it: the heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is, an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations: it is a kind of acquiescence in the state



wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of nonexistence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil; it is indeed no wonder that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either



of torment or of annihilation ; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay, death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils: a good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improvable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness? The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold

him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves everywhere upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and beautiful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please. I.

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*Quid pure tranquillet—*

HOR. Ep. xviii, lib. i, ver. 102.

What calms the breast, and makes the mind serene.

IN my last Saturday's paper, I spoke of cheerfulness as it is a moral habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy temper in the soul of man: I shall now consider cheerfulness in its natural state, and reflect on those motives to it, which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres

of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular, disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health, which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use: but, if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessities of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures, which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination as the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to the colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: "All colours, that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits, which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays, that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation." Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain, for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of Cheerful.

To consider farther this double end in the works of nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harvest and increase which is to arise from it.

We may farther observe how Providence has



taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects, which seem to have very little use in them : as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those, who are versed in philosophy, may still carry this consideration higher by observing, that, if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities, which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure ; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations ? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes, which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently show us, that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this cheerfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island,

and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus : " In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields," &c.

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations, which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little evils and misfortunes, which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy and uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils, which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us ; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper, which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed, by Mr. Locke, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral reason, in the following words : —

" Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with ; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness, in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him, ' with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.' "

L.

——— *Non tu prece poscis emaci,  
 Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere divis :  
 At bona purs procerum tacita libabit acerra.  
 Haud cuiris promptum est, murmurque humilesque su-  
 surros.  
 Tollere de templis ; et aperto vivere voto,  
 Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clare, et ut audiat hospes.  
 Illa sibi introrsum, et sub lingua immurmurat : O si  
 Ebullit patruī præclarum funus ! Et O si  
 Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria dextro,  
 Hercule ! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus hæres  
 Impello, expungam ! ——— PERS. Sat. ii, ver. 3.*

——— Thy prayers the test of heav'n will bear :  
 Nor need'st thou take the gods aside to hear :  
 While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,  
 Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come ;  
 And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,  
 Heaven's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke :  
 So boldly to the gods mankind reveal  
 What from each other they, for shame, conceal.  
 Give me good fame, ye powers, and make me just :  
 Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust.  
 In private then — When wilt thou, mighty Jove,  
 My wealthy uncle from this world remove ?  
 Or — O thou thunderer's son, great Hercules,  
 That once thy bounteous deity would please  
 To guide my rake upon the chinking sound  
 Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground !  
 O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head !  
 I should possess th' estate, if he were dead. DRYDEN.

WHILE Homer represents Phoenix, the tutor of Achilles, as persuading his pupil to lay aside his resentments, and give himself up to the entreaties of his countrymen, the poet, in order to make him speak in character, ascribes to him a speech full of those fables and allegories, which old men take a delight in relating, and which are very proper for instruction. “The gods,” says he, “suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by entreaties. When mortals have of-



fended them by their transgressions, they appease them by vows and sacrifices. You must know, Achilles, that PRAYERS are the daughters of Jupiter. They are crippled by frequent kneeling, have their faces full of cares and wrinkles, and their eyes always cast towards heaven. They are constant attendants on the goddess ATE, and march behind her. This goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty air, and, being very light of foot, runs through the whole earth, grieving and afflicting the sons of men. She gets the start of Prayers, who always follow her, in order to heal those persons whom she wounds. He, who honours these daughters of Jupiter, when they draw near to him, receives great benefit from them; but as for him who rejects them, they entreat their father to give his orders to the goddess ATE to punish him for his hardness of heart." This noble allegory needs but little explanation; for whether the goddess ATE signifies injury, as some have explained it; or guilt in general, as others; or divine justice, as I am the more apt to think, the interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another heathen fable, relating to prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think, by some passages in it, that it was composed by Lucian, or at least by some author who has endeavoured to imitate his way of writing; but as dissertations of this nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my reader the fable, without any farther inquiries after the author.

"Menippus the philosopher was a second time taken up into heaven by Jupiter, when, for his entertainment, he lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his footstool. At its rising there issued through it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, Jupiter told him they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth. Menippus, amidst the confusion of voices,



which was so great, that nothing less than the ear of Jove could distinguish them, heard the words riches, honour, and long life, repeated in several different tones and languages. When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-door being left open, the voices came up more separate and distinct. The first prayer was a very odd one; it came from Athens, and desired Jupiter to increase the wisdom and the beard of his humble supplicant. Menippus knew it, by the voice, to be the prayer of his friend Licander the philosopher. This was succeeded by the petition of one, who had just laden a ship, and promised Jupiter, if he took care of it, and returned it home again full of riches, he would make him an offering of a silver cup. Jupiter thanked him for nothing; and, bending down his ear more attentively than usual, heard a voice complaining to him of the cruelty of an Ephesian widow, and begging him to breed compassion in her heart. ‘This,’ says Jupiter, ‘is a very honest fellow: I have received a great deal of incense from him: I will not be so cruel to him as not to hear his prayers.’ He was then interrupted with a whole volley of vows, which were made for the health of a tyrannical prince, by his subjects, who prayed for him in his presence. Menippus was surprised, after having listened to prayers offered up with so much ardour and devotion, to hear low whispers from the same assembly, expostulating with Jove for suffering such a tyrant to live, and asking him how his thunder could lie idle? Jupiter was so offended at these prevaricating rascals, that he took down the first vows, and puffed away the last. The philosopher seeing a great cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the trap-door, inquired of Jupiter what it meant. ‘This,’ says Jupiter, ‘is the smoke of a whole hecatomb, that is offered me by the general of an army, who is very importunate with me to let

him cut off an hundred thousand men that are drawn up in array against him. What does the impudent wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a sacrifice of so many mortals as good as himself? And all this to his glory, forsooth! But hark,' says Jupiter, 'there is a voice I never heard but in time of danger; it is a rogue that is shipwrecked in the Ionian sea. I saved him on a plank but three days ago, upon his promise to mend his manners. The scoundrel is not worth a groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a temple if I will keep him from sinking. But yonder,' says he, 'is a special youth for you: he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life. The old fellow shall live till he makes his heart ake, I can tell him that for his pains.' This was followed by the soft voice of a pious lady, desiring Jupiter, that she might appear amiable and charming in the sight of her emperor. As the philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind through the trap-door, which he at first mistook for a gale of zephyrs, but afterwards found it to be a breeze of sighs: they smelt strong of flowers and incense, and were succeeded by most passionate complaints of wounds and torments, fires and arrows, cruelty, despair, and death. Menippus fancied, that such lamentable cries arose from some general execution, or from wretches lying under the torture; but Jupiter told him, that they came up to him from the isle of Paphos, and that he every day received complaints of the same nature from that whimsical tribe of mortals, who are called lovers. 'I am so trifled with,' says he, 'by this generation, of both sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their petitions, that I shall order a western wind, for the future, to intercept them in their passage, and blow them at random

upon the earth.' The last petition I heard was from a very aged man, of near an hundred years old, begging but for one year more of life, and then promising to die contented. 'This is the rarest old fellow!' says Jupiter. 'He has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old, he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world; I granted it. He then begged the same favour for his daughter, and afterwards that he might see the education of a grandson: when all this was brought about, he puts up a petition that he might live to finish a house he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old cur, and never wants an excuse. I will hear no more of him.' Upon which he flung down the trap door in a passion, and was resolved to give no more audiences that day.

Notwithstanding the levity of this fable, the moral of it very well deserves our attention, and is the same with that which has been inculcated by Socrates and Plato, not to mention Juvenal and Persius, who have each of them made the finest satire in their whole works upon this subject. The vanity of men's wishes, which are the natural prayers of the mind, as well as many of those secret devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other reasons for set forms of prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the folly and extravagance of men's desires may be kept within due bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous petitions, on so great and solemn an occasion.

I.

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*Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere!*—

PERS. Sat. iv, ver. 23.

None, none descends into himself to find  
The secret imperfections of his mind.

**HYPOCRISY**, at the fashionable end of the town,



is very different from hypocrisy in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the show of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is not guilty of; the latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocrisy which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper; I mean that hypocrisy, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit which is taken notice of in these words, "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults."

If the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost applications and endeavours of moral writers to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall endeavour, therefore, to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul, and to show my reader those methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose are, to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in sacred writ; and to compare our lives with the life of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines.



Though these two heads cannot be much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts, they either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. Plutarch has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and, among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the reproaches which it casts upon us, we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should not have observed without the help of such ill-natured monitors.

In order, likewise, to come at a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider on the other hand, how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestow upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really

possessed of the virtues which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinions of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any supposed virtues we possess that are of a doubtful nature : and such we may esteem all those in which multitudes of men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as ourselves. We should always act with great cautiousness and circumspection in points where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and persecution, for any party or opinion, how praiseworthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature ; and yet how many persons eminent for piety suffer such monstrous and absurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues ? For my own part, I must own, I never yet knew any party so just and reasonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions which proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these, and the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed or taken notice of. A wise

man will suspect those actions to which he is directed by something besides reason, and always apprehend some concealed evil in every resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleasure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely, that of deceiving the world, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred and thirty-ninth psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the Psalmist addresses himself to the great Searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition: "Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart: prove me and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." L.

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*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit —*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 142.

Who many towns and change of manners saw.

ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I consider this great city in its several

quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations, distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners and interests. The courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another, as the court and city in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their way of thinking and conversing together.

For this reason, when any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflections that arise upon it in the several districts and parishes of London and Westminster, and to ramble up and down a whole day together, in order to make myself acquainted with the opinions of my ingenious countrymen. By this means I know the faces of all the principal politicians within the bills of mortality: and as every coffee house has some particular statesman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the street where he lives, I always take care to place myself near him, in order to know his judgment on the present posture of affairs. The last progress that I made with this intention was about three months ago, when we had a current report of the King of France's death. As I foresaw this would produce a new face of things in Europe, and many curious speculations in our British coffee houses, I was very desirous to learn the thoughts of our most eminent politicians on that occasion.

That I might begin as near the fountain-head as possible, I first of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent



towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were so very much improved by a knot of theorists who sat in the inner room, within the steams of the coffee pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for, in less than a quarter of an hour.

I afterwards called in at Giles's, where I saw a board of French gentlemen sitting upon the life and death of their Grand Monarque. Those among them who had espoused the Whig interest very positively affirmed, that he departed this life about a week since, and therefore proceeded, without any farther delay, to the release of their friends in the gallies, and to their own re-establishment: but finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended progress.

Upon my arrival at Jenny Man's, I saw an alert young fellow, that cocked his hat upon a friend of his, who entered just at the same time with myself, and accosted him after the following manner: "Well Jack, the old prig is dead at last. Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris directly." With several other deep reflections of the same nature.

I met with very little variation in the politics between Charing Cross and Covent Garden. And, upon my going into Will's, I found their discourse was gone off from the death of the French King to that of Monsieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille, and several other poets, whom they regretted on this occasion, as persons who would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of so great a prince, and so eminent a patron of learning.

At a coffee house near the Temple, I found a couple of young gentlemen engaged very smartly in a dispute on the succession to the Spanish mo-

narchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as advocate for the Duke of Anjou, the other for his Imperial Majesty. They were both for regulating the title to that kingdom by the statute-laws of England; but finding them going out of my depth, I passed forward to Paul's Church Yard, where I listened with great attention to a learned man, who gave the company an account of the deplorable state of France during the minority of the deceased king.

I then turned on my right hand into Fish Street, where the chief politician of that quarter, upon hearing the news (after having taken a pipe of tobacco, and ruminated for some time), "If," says he, "the King of France is certainly dead, we shall have plenty of mackerel this season; for our fishery will not be disturbed by privateers, as it has been for these ten years past." He afterwards considered how the death of this great man would affect our pilchards, and by several other remarks infused a general joy into his whole audience.

I afterwards entered a bye coffee house, that stood at the upper end of a narrow lane, where I met with a nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a laceman, who was the great support of a neighbouring conventicle. The matter in debate was, whether the late French King was most like Augustus Cæsar or Nero. The controversy was carried on with great heat on both sides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the course of their debate, I was under some apprehension that they would appeal to me; and therefore laid down my penny at the bar and made the best of my way to Cheapside.

I here gazed upon the signs for some time before I found one to my purpose. The first object I met in the coffee room was a person who expressed a

great grief for the death of the French king: but, upon his explaining himself, I found his sorrow did not arise from the loss of the monarch, but for his having sold out of the bank about three days before he heard the news of it; upon which a haberdasher, who was the oracle of the coffee house, and had his circle of admirers about him, called several to witness, that he had declared his opinion about a week before, that the French king was certainly dead; to which he added, that, considering the late advices we had received from France, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his hearers with great authority, there came in a gentleman from Garraway's, who told us that there were several letters from France, just come in, with advice that the king was in good health, and was gone out a-hunting the very morning the post came away: upon which the haberdasher stole off his hat that hung upon the wooden peg by him, and retired to his shop with great confusion. This intelligence put a stop to my travels, which I had prosecuted with so much satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different opinions upon so great an event, and to observe how naturally upon such a piece of news every one is apt to consider it with a regard to his own particular interest and advantage.

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— *Non omnia possumus omnes.*

VIRG. Ecl. viii. ver. 63.

With different talents form'd we variously excel.

NATURE does nothing in vain: the Creator of the universe has appointed every thing to a certain use and purpose, and determined it to a settled course and sphere of action, from which, if it in the least

deviates, it becomes unfit to answer those ends for which it was designed. In like manner it is in the dispositions of society, the civil economy is formed in a chain as well as the natural; and in either case, the breach of but one link puts the whole in some disorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the absurdity and ridicule we meet with in the world, is generally owing to the impertinent affectation of excelling in characters men are not fit for, and for which nature never designed them.

Every man has one or more qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others; nature never fails of pointing them out; and while the infant continues under her guardianship, she brings him on in his way, and then offers herself for a guide in what remains of the journey: if he proceeds in that course, he can hardly miscarry: nature makes good her engagements; for as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the misfortune is, men despise what they may be masters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themselves already possessed of what their genius inclined them to, and so bend all their ambition to excel in what is out of their reach: thus they destroy the use of their natural talents, in the same manner as covetuous men do their quiet and repose; they can enjoy no satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd inclination they are possessed with for what they have not.

Cleanthes had good sense, a great memory, and a constitution capable of the closest application. In a word, there was no profession in which Cleanthes might not have made a very good figure; but this won't satisfy him, he takes up an unaccountable fondness for the character of a fine gentleman: all his thoughts are bent upon this: instead of attending a dissection, frequenting the courts of justice, or stu-



dying the fathers, Cleanthes reads plays, dances, dresses, and spends his time in drawing-rooms; instead of being a good lawyer, divine, or physician, Cleanthes is a downright coxcomb, and will remain to all that know him a contemptible example of talents misapplied. It is to this affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs: nature in her whole drama never drew such a part: she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making, by applying his talents otherwise than nature designed, who ever bears a high resentment for being put out of her course, and never fails of taking her revenge on those that do so. Opposing her tendency in the application of a man's parts, has the same success as declining from her course in the production of vegetables, by the assistance of art and a hotbed: we may possibly extort an unwilling plant, or an untimely salad; but how weak, how tasteless and insipid! Just as insipid as the poetry of Valerio. Valerio had an universal character, was genteel, had learning, thought justly, spoke correctly; it was believed there was nothing in which Valerio did not excel; and it was so far true, that there was but one; Valerio had no genius for poetry, yet he is resolved to be a poet; he writes verses, and takes great pains to convince the town, that Valerio is not that extraordinary person he was taken for.

If men would be content to graft upon nature, and assist her operations, what mighty effects might we expect? Tully would not stand so much alone in oratory, Virgil in poetry, or Cæsar in war. To build upon nature is laying the foundation upon a rock; every thing disposes itself into order as it were of course, and the whole work is half done as soon as undertaken. Cicero's genius inclined him to oratory, Virgil's to follow the train of the Muses; they piously obeyed the admonition,

and were rewarded. Had Virgil attended the bar, his modest and ingenuous virtue would surely have made but a very indifferent figure; and Tully's declamatory inclination would have been as useless in poetry. Nature, if left to herself, leads us on in the best course, but will do nothing by compulsion and constraint; and if we are not satisfied to go her way, we are always the greatest sufferers by it.

Wherever nature designs a production, she always disposes seeds proper for it, which are as absolutely necessary to the formation of any moral or intellectual excellence, as they are to the being and growth of plants; and I know not by what fate and folly it is, that men are taught not to reckon him equally absurd that will write verses in spite of nature, with that gardener that should undertake to raise a jonquil or tulip without the help of their respective seeds.

As there is no good or bad quality that does not affect both sexes, so it is not to be imagined but the fair sex must have suffered by an affectation of this nature, at least as much the other. The ill effect of it is in none so conspicuous as in the two opposite characters of Cælia and Iras: Cælia has all the charms of person, together with an abundant sweetness of nature, but wants wit, and has a very ill voice; Iras is ugly and ungenteel, but has wit and good sense: If Cælia would be silent, her beholders would adore her; if Iras would talk, her hearers would admire her; but Cælia's tongue runs incessantly, while Iras gives herself silent airs and soft languors; so that it is difficult to persuade one's self that Cælia has beauty, and Iras wit; each neglects her own excellence, and is ambitious of the other's character; Iras would be thought to have as much beauty as Cælia, and Cælia as much wit as Iras.

The great misfortune of this affectation is, that

men not only lose a good quality, but also contract a bad one: they not only are unfit for what they were designed, but they assign themselves to what they are not fit for: and instead of making a very good figure one way, make a very ridiculous one another. If Semanthe would have been satisfied with her natural complexion, she might still have been celebrated by the name of the olive beauty; but Semanthe has taken up an affectation to white and red, and is now distinguished by the character of the lady that paints so well. In a word, could the world be reformed to the obedience of that famed dictate, "Follow nature," which the oracle of Delphos pronounced to Cicero when he consulted what course of studies he should pursue, we should see almost every man as eminent in his proper sphere as Tully was in his, and should in a very short time find impertinence and affectation banished from among the women, and coxcombs and false characters from among the men. For my part, I could never consider this preposterous repugnancy to nature any otherwise, than not only as the greatest folly, but also one of the most heinous crimes, since it is a direct opposition to the disposition of Providence, and (as Tully expresses it) like the sin of the giants, an actual rebellion against heaven. Z.

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— *Musæo contingere cuncta lepore.*

LUCR. lib. i, ver. 933.

To grace each subject with enlivening wit.

GRATIAN very often recommends the fine taste as the utmost perfection of an accomplished man. As this word arises very often in conversation, I shall endeavour to give some account of it, and to

lay down rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine taste of writing which is so much talked of among the polite world.

Most languages make use of this metaphor, to express that faculty of the mind, which distinguishes all the most concealed faults and nicest perfections in writing. We may be sure this metaphor would not have been so general in all tongues, had there not been a very great conformity between that mental taste which is the subject of this paper, and that sensitive taste which gives us a relish of every different flavour that affects the palate. Accordingly, we find there are as many degrees of refinement in the intellectual faculty as in the sense, which is marked out by this common denomination.

I knew a person who possessed the one in so great perfection, that, after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distinguish, without seeing the colour of it, the particular sort which was offered him; and not only so, but any two sorts of them that were mixed together in an equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment so far, as, upon tasting the composition of three different sorts, to name the parcels from whence the three several ingredients were taken. A man of a fine taste in writing will discern, after the same manner, not only the general beauties and imperfections of an author, but discover the several ways of thinking and expressing himself which diversify him from all other authors, with the several foreign infusions of thought and language, and the particular authors from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine taste in writing, and shown the propriety of the metaphor which is used on



this occasion, I think I may define it to be that faculty of the soul, which discerns the beauties of an author with pleasure, and the imperfections with dislike. If a man would know whether he is possessed of this faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated works of antiquity, which have stood the test of so many different ages and countries, or those works among the moderns which have the sanction of the politer part of our contemporaries. If, upon the perusal of such writings, he does not find himself delighted in an extraordinary manner, or if, upon reading the admired passages in such authors, he finds a coldness and indifference in his thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too usual among tasteless readers) that the author wants those perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himself wants the faculty of discovering them.

He should, in the second place, be very careful to observe, whether he tastes the distinguishing perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them so, the specific qualities of the author whom he peruses; whether he is particularly pleased with Livy for his manner of telling a story; with Sallust, for his entering into those internal principles of action which arise from the characters and manners of the persons he describes; or with Tacitus, for his displaying those outward motives of safety and interest, which give birth to the whole series of transactions which he relates.

He may likewise consider, how differently he is affected by the same thought, which presents itself in a great writer, from what he is, when he finds it delivered by a person of an ordinary genius. For there is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun.

It is very difficult to lay down rules for the acquirement of such a taste as that I am here speaking of. The faculty must in some degree be born with us, and it very often happens, that those who have other qualities in perfection are wholly void of this. One of the most eminent mathematicians of the age has assured me, that the greatest pleasure he took in reading Virgil was in examining *Æneas's* voyage by the map; as I question not but many a modern compiler of history would be delighted with little more in that divine author, than in the bare matters of fact.

But notwithstanding this faculty must in some measure be born with us, there are several methods for cultivating and improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little use to the person that possesses it. The most natural method for this purpose is to be conversant among the writings of the most polite authors. A man, who has any relish for fine writing, either discovers new beauties, or receives stronger impressions from the masterly strokes of a great author every time he peruses him; besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of speaking and thinking.

Conversation with men of a polite genius is another method for improving our natural taste. It is impossible for a man of the greatest parts to consider any thing in its whole extent, and in all its variety of lights. Every man, besides those general observations which are to be made upon an author, forms several reflections that are peculiar to his own manner of thinking; so that conversation will naturally furnish us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other men's parts and reflections as well as our own. This is the best reason I can give for the observation which several have made, that men of great genius in the same

way of writing seldom rise up singly, but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body ; as they did at Rome in the reign of Augustus, and in Greece about the age of Socrates. I cannot think that Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Boileau, la Fontaine, Bruyere, Bossu, or the Daciers, would have written so well as they have done, had they not been friends and contemporaries.

It is likewise necessary for a man who would form to himself a finished taste of good writing, to be well versed in the works of the best critics both ancient and modern. I must confess that I could wish there were authors of this kind, who, besides the mechanical rules which a man of very little taste may discourse upon, would enter into the very spirit and soul of fine writing, and show us the several sources of that pleasure which rises in the mind upon the perusal of a noble work. Thus, although in poetry it be absolutely necessary that the unities of time, place, and action, with other points of the same nature, should be thoroughly explained and understood ; there is still something more essential to the art, something that elevates and astonishes the fancy, and gives a greatness of mind to the reader, which few of the critics besides Longinus have considered.

Our general taste in England is for epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceit, which have no manner of influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greatest writers, both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured in several of my speculations to banish this Gothic taste which has taken possession among us. I entertained the town for a week together, with an essay upon wit ; in which I endeavoured to detect several of those false kinds which have been admired in the different ages of the world, and at the



same time to show wherein the nature of true wit consists: I afterwards gave an instance of the great force which lies in a natural simplicity of thought to affect the mind of the reader, from such vulgar pieces as have little else besides this single qualification to recommend them. I have likewise examined the works of the greatest poet which our nation, or perhaps any other has produced; and particularized most of those rational and manly beauties which give a value to that divine work. I shall next Saturday enter upon an essay on the pleasures of the imagination, which, though it shall consider that subject at large, will perhaps suggest to the reader what it is that gives beauty to many passages of the finest writers both in prose and verse. As an undertaking of this nature is entirely new, I question not but it will be received with candour. O.

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*Hæc scripsi non otii abundantia, sed amoris erga te.*

TULL. Epist.

I have written this, not out of abundance of leisure, but of my affection towards you.

I DO not know any thing which gives greater disturbance to conversation, than the false notions some people have of raillery. It ought certainly to be the first point to be aimed at in society, to gain the good will of those with whom you converse. The way to that is to show you are well inclined towards them; what then can be more absurd, than to set up for being extremely sharp and biting, as the term is, in your expressions to your familiars? A man who has no good quality but courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable figure in the world, because that which he has superior to other people cannot be exerted without



raising himself an enemy. Your gentleman of a satirical vein is in the like condition. To say a thing which perplexes the heart of him you speak to, or brings blushes into his face, is a degree of murder; and it is, I think, an unpardonable offence to show a man you do not care whether he is pleased or displeased. But won't you then take a jest. Yes, but pray let it be a jest. It is no jest to put me, who am so unhappy as to have an utter aversion to speaking to more than one at a time, under a necessity to explain myself in much company, and reducing me to shame and derision, except I perform what my infirmity of silence disables me to do.

Calisthenes has great wit, accompanied with that quality, without which a man can have no wit at all, a sound judgment. This gentleman rallies the best of any man I know; for he forms his ridicule upon a circumstance which you are in your heart not unwilling to grant him, to wit, that you are guilty of an excess in something which is in itself laudable. He very well understands what you would be, and needs not fear your anger for declaring you are a little too much that thing. The generous will bear being reproached as lavish, and the valiant as rash, without being provoked to resentment against their monitor. What has been said to be a mark of a good writer will fall in with the character of a good companion. The good writer makes his reader better pleased with himself, and the agreeable man makes his friends enjoy themselves, rather than him, while he is in their company. Calisthenes does this with inimitable pleasantry. He whispered a friend the other day, so as to be overheard by a young officer, who gave symptoms of cocking upon the company, "That gentleman has very much of the air of a general officer." The youth immediately put on a com-

posed behaviour, and behaved himself suitably to the conceptions he believed the company had of him. It is to be believed that Calisthenes will make a man run into impertinent relations to his own advantage, and express the satisfaction he has in his own dear self, till he is very ridiculous; but in this case the man is made a fool by his own consent, and not exposed as such whether he will or no. I take it therefore, that, to make raillery agreeable, a man must either not know he is rallied, or think never the worse of himself, if he sees he is.

Acetus is of a quite contrary genius, and is more generally admired than Calisthenes, but not with justice. Acetus has no regard to the modesty or weakness of the person he rallies; but if his quality or humility give him any superiority to the man he would fall upon, he has no mercy on making the onset. He can be pleased to see his best friend out of countenance, while the laugh is loud in his own applause. His raillery always puts the company into little divisions, and separate interests, while that of Calisthenes cements it, and makes every man not only better pleased with himself, but also with all the rest in the conversation.

To rally well, it is absolutely necessary that kindness must run through all you say, and you must ever preserve the character of a friend to support your pretensions to be free with a man. Acetus ought to be banished human society, because he raises his mirth upon giving pain to the person upon whom he is pleasant. Nothing but the malevolence, which is too general towards those who excel, could make his company tolerated; but they with whom he converses are sure to see some man sacrificed wherever he is admitted, and all the credit he has for wit is owing to the gratification it gives to other men's ill-nature.

Minutius has a wit that conciliates a man's love, at the same time that it is exerted against his faults: he has an art of keeping the person he rallies in countenance, by insinuating that he himself is guilty of the same imperfection. This he does with so much address, that he seems rather to bewail himself than fall upon his friend.

It is really monstrous to see how unaccountably it prevails among men, to take the liberty of displeasing each other. One would think sometimes that the contention is, who shall be most disagreeable. Allusions to past follies, hints which revive what a man has a mind to forget for ever, and desires that all the rest of the world should, are commonly brought forth even in company of men of distinction. They do not thrust with the skill of fencers, but cut up with the barbarity of butchers. It is, methinks, below the character of men of humanity and good manners to be capable of mirth, while there is any one of the company in pain and disorder. They who have the true taste of conversation enjoy themselves in a communication of each other's excellencies, and not in a triumph over their imperfections. Fortius would have been reckoned a wit, if there had never been a fool in the world: he wants not foils to be a beauty, but has that natural pleasure in observing perfection in others, that his own faults are overlooked out of gratitude by all his acquaintance.

After these several characters of men who succeed or fail in raillery, it may not be amiss to reflect a little farther what one takes to be the most agreeable kind of it; and that to me appears when the satire is directed against vice, with an air of contempt of the fault, but no ill-will to the criminal. Mr. Congreve's Doris is a masterpiece in this kind. It is the character of a woman utterly abandoned, but her impudence, by the finest piece of raillery, is made only generosity.

" Peculiar therefore is her way ;  
 Whether by nature taught,  
 I shall not undertake to say,  
 Or by experience bought ;

" For who o'ernight obtained her grace  
 She can next day disown,  
 And stare upon the strange man's face,  
 As one she ne'er had known.

" So well she can the truth disguise,  
 Such artful wonder frame,  
 The lover or distrusts his eyes,  
 Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

" Some censure this as lewd or low,  
 Who are to bounty blind ;  
 But to forget what we bestow,  
 Bespeaks a noble mind."

—— *Populumque falsis dedocet uti*

*Vocibus*——

HOR. Od. ii, lib. ii, ver. 19.

From cheats of words the crowd she brings  
 To real estimate of things.

CREECH.

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" SINCE I gave an account of an agreeable set of company which were gone down in the country, I have received advices from thence, that the institution of an infirmary for those who should be out of humour has had very good effects. My letters mention particular circumstances of two or three persons who had the good sense to retire of their own accord, and notified that they were withdrawn, with the reasons of it, to the company, in their respective memorials."

" *The Memorial of Mrs. Mary Dainty, Spinster,*

" Humbly showeth,

" THAT, conscious of her own want of merit, accompanied with a vanity of being admired, she had gone into exile of her own accord.



"She is sensible that a vain person is the most insufferable creature living in a well bred assembly.

"That she desired, before she appeared in public again, she might have assurances, that, though she might be thought handsome, there might not more address or compliment be paid to her than to the rest of the company.

"That she conceived it a kind of superiority, that one person should take upon him to commend another.

"Lastly, That she went into the infirmary to avoid a particular person who took upon him to profess an admiration of her.

"She therefore prayed, that to applaud out of due place might be declared an offence, and punished in the same manner with detraction, in that the latter did but report persons defective, and the former made them so.

"All which is submitted, &c."

There appeared a delicacy and sincerity in this memorial very uncommon; but my friend informs me, that the allegations of it were groundless, in-somuch, that this declaration of an aversion to being praised was understood to be no other than a secret trap to purchase it; for which reason it lies still on the table unanswered.

*"The humble Memorial of the Lady Lydia Loller,*

*"Showeth,*

*"THAT the Lady Lydia is a woman of quality, married to a private gentleman.*

*"That she finds herself neither well nor ill.*

*"That her husband is a clown."*

*"That Lady Lydia cannot see company.*

*"That she desires the infirmary may be her apartment during her stay in the country.*

“ That they would please to make merry with their equals.

“ That Mr Loller might stay with them if he thought fit.”

It was immediately resolved, that Lady Lydia was still at London.

*“ The humble Memorial of Thomas Sudden, Esq. of the Inner Temple,*

“ Showeth,

“ THAT Mr Sudden is conscious that he is too much given to argumentation.

“ That he talks loud.

“ That he is apt to think all things matter of debate.

“ That he staid behind in Westminster Hall, when the late shake of the roof happened, only because a counsel on the other side asserted it was coming down.

“ That he cannot for his life consent to any thing.

“ That he stays in the infirmary to forget himself.

“ That as soon as he has forgot himself, he will wait on the company.”

His indisposition was allowed to be sufficient to require a cessation from company.

*“ The Memorial of Frank Jolly,*

“ Showeth,

“ THAT he hath put himself into the infirmary, in regard he is sensible of a certain rustic mirth, which renders him unfit for polite conversation.

“ That he intends to prepare himself by abstinence and thin diet to be one of the company.

“ That at present he comes into a room as if he were an express from abroad.

“ That he has chosen an apartment with a matted

antichamber, to practise motion without being heard.

“ That he bows, talks, drinks, eats, and helps himself before a glass, to learn to act with moderation.

“ That by reason of his luxuriant health, he is oppressive to persons of composed behaviour.

“ That he is endeavouring to forget the word pshaw, pshaw.

“ That he is also weaning himself from his cane.

“ That when he has learned to live without his said cane, he will wait on the company. &c.”

“ *The Memorial of John Rhubarb, Esq.,*

“ Showeth,

“ THAT your petitioner has retired to the infirmary, but that he is in perfect good health, except that he has by long use, and for want of discourse, contracted a habit of complaint that he is sick.

“ That he wants for nothing under the sun, but what to say, and therefore has fallen into this unhappy malady of complaining that he is sick.

“ That this custom of his makes him, by his own confession, fit only for the infirmary, and therefore he has not waited for being sentenced to it.

“ That he is conscious there is nothing more improper than such a complaint in good company, in that they must pity, whether they think the lamenter ill or not: and that the complainant must make a silly figure, whether he is pitied or not.

“ Your petitioner humble prays that he may have time to know how he does, and he will make his appearance.”

The Valetudinarian was likewise easily excused; and this society, being resolved not only to make it their business to pass their time agreeably for the present season, but also to commence such habits in

themselves as may be of use in their future conduct in general, are very ready to give into a fancied or real incapacity to join with their measures, in order to have no humourist, proud man, impertinent or sufficient fellow, break in upon their happiness. Great evils seldom happen to disturb company ; but indulgence in particularities of humour is the seed of making half our time hang in suspense, or waste away under real discomposures.

Among other things it is carefully provided that there may not be disagreeable familiarities. No one is to appear in the public rooms undressed, or enter abruptly into each other's apartment without intimation. Every one has hitherto been so careful in his behaviour, that there has but one offender in ten day's time been sent into the infirmary, and that was for throwing away his cards at whist.

He has offered his submission in the following terms : —

*“ The humble Petition of Jeoffry Hotspur, Esq.,*

*“ Showeth,*

*“ Though the petitioner swore, stamped, and threw down his cards, he has all imaginable respect for the ladies and the whole company.*

*“ That he humbly desires it may be considered in the case of gaming, there are many motives which provoke to disorder.*

*“ That the desire of gain, and the desire of victory, are both thwarted in losing.*

*“ That all conversations in the world have indulged human infirmity in this case.*

*“ Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that he may be restored to the company, and he hopes to bear ill-fortune with a good grace for the future, and to demean himself so as to be no more than cheerful when he wins, than grave when he loses.”*

T.



— *Verso pollici vulgi*  
*Quemlibet occidunt populariter* —

Juv. Sat. iii, ver. 36.

With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.

DRYDEN.

BEING a person of insatiable curiosity, I could not forbear going on Wednesday last to a place of no small renown for the gallantry of the lower order of Britons, namely, to the bear-garden at Hockly in the Hole; where (as a whitish-brown paper, put into my hands in the street, informed me) there was to be a trial of skill to be exhibited between two masters of the noble science of defence, at two of the clock precisely. I was not a little charmed with the solemnity of the challenge, which ran thus:—

“ I James Miller, serjeant (lately come from the frontiers of Portugal), master of the noble science of defence, hearing, in most places where I have been, of the great fame of Timothy Buck, of London, master of the said science, do invite him to meet me, and exercise at the several weapons following; viz.

Back sword,	Single faulchion,
Sword and dagger,	Case of faulchions,
Sword and buckler,	Quarter staff.”

If the generous ardour in James Miller to dispute the reputation of Timothy Buck had something resembling the old heroes of romance, Timothy Buck returned answer in the same paper with the like spirit, adding a little indignation at being challenged, and seemed to condescend to fight James Miller, not in regard to Miller himself, but in that, as the fame went about, he had fought Parkes of Coventry. The acceptance of the combat ran in these words:—

“ I Timothy Buck, of Clare Market, master of the noble science of defence, hearing he did fight Mr. Parkes of Coventry, will not fail (God willing) to meet this fair inviter at the time and place appointed, desiring a clear stage and no favour.

“ Vivat Regina.”

I shall not here look back on the spectacles of the Greeks and Romans of this kind, but must believe this custom took its rise from the ages of knight-errantry; from those who loved one woman so well that they hated all men and women else; from those who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their mind; from those who demanded the combat of their contemporaries, both for admiring their mistress or discommending her. I cannot therefore but lament that the terrible part of the ancient fight is preserved, when the amorous side of it is forgotten. We have retained the barbarity, but lost the gallantry of the old combatants. I could wish, methinks, these gentlemen had consulted me in the promulgation of the conflict. I was obliged by a fair young maid, whom I understood to be called Elizabeth Preston, daughter of the keeper of the garden, with a glass of water; whom I imagined might have been for form's sake, the general representative of the lady fought for, and from her beauty the proper Amarillis on these occasions. It would have run better in the challenge, ‘ I James Miller, serjeant, who have travelled parts abroad, and came last from the frontiers of Portugal, for the love of Elizabeth Preston, do assert, That the said Elizabeth is the fairest of women.’ Then the answer; ‘ I Timothy Buck, who have stayed in Great Britain during all the war in foreign parts, for the sake of Susanna Page, do deny that Elizabeth Preston is so fair as the said Susanna Page. Let Susanna Page look on, and I desire of James Miller no favour.’

This would give the battle quite another turn ; and a proper station for the ladies, whose complexion was disputed by the sword, would animate the disputants with a more gallant incentive than the expectation of money from the spectators ; though I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that fair one whose lover was approved by the donor.

Yet, considering the thing wants such amendments, it was carried with great order, James Miller came on first, preceded by two disabled drummers, to show, I suppose, that the prospect of maimed bodies did not in the least deter him. There ascended with the daring Miller a gentleman, whose name I could not learn, with a dogged air, as unsatisfied that he was not principal. This son of anger lowred at the whole assembly, and weighing himself as he marched around from side to side, with a stiff knee and shoulder, he gave intimations of the purpose he smothered till he saw the issue of this encounter. Miller had a blue ribband tied round the sword-arm ; which ornament I conceive to be the remain of that custom of wearing a mistress's favour on such occasions of old.

Miller is a man of six feet eight inches height, of a kind, but bold aspect, well fashioned, and ready of his limbs ; and such a readiness as spoke his ease in them was obtained from a habit of motion in military exercise.

The expectation of the spectators was now almost at its height, and the crowd pressing in, several active persons thought they were placed rather according to their fortune than their merit, and took it in their heads to prefer themselves from the open area or pit to the galleries. This dispute between desert and property brought many to the ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest seats by turns, for the space of ten minutes, till Timothy Buck came on, and the whole assembly, giving up

their disputes, turned their eyes upon the champions. Then it was that every man's affection turned to one or the other irresistibly. A judicious gentleman near me said, "I could, methinks, be Miller's second, but I had rather have Buck for mine." Miller had an audacious look, that took the eye; Buck a perfect composure, that engaged the judgment. Buck came on in a plain coat, and kept all his air, till the instant of engaging, at which time he undressed to his shirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red ribband. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly; the most tumultuous crowd in nature was as still and as much engaged as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatants met in the middle of the stage, and shaking hands, as removing all malice, they retired with much grace to the extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, Miller with an heart full of resolution, Buck with a watchful, untroubled countenance; Buck regarding principally his own defence, Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not easy to describe the many escapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs; but Miller's heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck by a large cut on the forehead. Much effusion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the crowd undoubtedly quickened the anguish. The assembly was divided into parties upon their different ways of fighting; while a poor nymph in one of the galleries apparently suffered for Miller, and burst into a flood of tears. As soon as his wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little rage, which still disabled him farther. But what brave man can be wounded into more patience and caution? The next was a warm, eager onset, which ended in a decisive stroke on the left leg of Miller. The lady



in the gallery, during the second strife, covered her face ; and, for my part, I could not keep my thoughts from being mostly employed on the consideration of her unhappy circumstance that moment, hearing the clash of swords, and apprehending life or victory concerned her lover in every blow, but not daring to satisfy herself on whom they fell. The wound was exposed to the view of all who could delight in it, and sewed up on the stage. The surly second of Miller declared at this time, that he would that day fortnight fight Mr. Buck at the same weapons, declaring himself the master of the renowned Gorman ; but Buck denied him the honour of that courageous disciple, and, asserting that he himself had taught that champion, accepted the challenge.

There is something in nature very unaccountable on such occasions, when we see the people take a certain painful gratification in beholding these encounters. Is it cruelty that administers this sort of delight ? Or is it a pleasure which is taken in the exercise of pity ? It was methought pretty remarkable, that, the business of the day being a trial of skill, the popularity did not run so high as one would have expected on the side of Buck. Is it that people's passions have their rise in self-love, and thought themselves (in spite of all the courage they had) liable to the fate of Miller, but could not so easily think themselves qualified like Buck ?

Tully speaks of this custom with less horror than one would expect, though he confesses it was much abused in his time, and seems directly to approve of it under its first regulations, when criminals only fought before the people. *Crudele gladiatorum spectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri solet ; et haud scio anon ita sit ut nunc fit ; cum vero sontes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortasse multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat esse fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina.*

“ The shows of gladiators may be thought barbarous

and inhuman, and I know not but it is so, as it is now practised ; but in those times, when only criminals were combatants, the ear perhaps might receive many better instructions ; but it is impossible that any thing which affects our eyes should fortify us so well against pain and death." T.

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*—Animum rege ; qui, nisi paret,  
Imperat—*

HOR. Ep. ii, lib. i, ver, 62.

*—Curb thy soul,  
And check thy rage, which must be rul'd or rule.*

CREECH.

IT is a very common expression, that such a one is very good-natured, but very passionate. The expression indeed is very good-natured, to allow passionate people so much quarter : but I think a passionate man deserves the least indulgence imaginable. It is said, it is soon over ; that is, all the mischief he does is quickly dispatched, which, I think, is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of these good-natured passionate men say in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, such things as the most inveterate enemy of his family would not have spoke, even in imagination. It is certain, that quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready understanding ; but why should not that good understanding call to itself all its force on such occasions to master that sudden inclination to anger ? One of the greatest souls now in the world is the most subject by nature to anger, and yet so famous for a conquest of himself this way, that he is the known example when you talk of temper and command of a man's self. To contain the spirit of anger is the worthiest discipline we can put our-

selves to. When a man has made any progress this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the study of every man, for his own quiet and peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, life is as uneasy to himself as it is to all about him. Syncropius leads, of all men living, the most ridiculous life; he is ever offending, and begging pardon. If his man enters the room without what he was sent for, "That block-head," begins he—"Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, but servants now-a-days"—The wrong plates are laid; they are thrown into the middle of the room; his wife stands by in pain for him, which he sees in her face, and answers as if he had heard all she was thinking, "Why, what the devil? why don't you take care to give orders in these things?" His friends sit down to a tasteless plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new insults from his impertinent passions. In a word, to eat with, or visit Syncropius, is no other than going to see him exercise his family, exercise their patience, and his own anger.

It is monstrous that the shame and confusion, in which this good-natured angry man must needs behold his friends while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much reflection as to create an amendment. This is the most scandalous disuse of reason imaginable: all the harmless part of him is no more than that of a bull-dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of these good-natured angry men shall, in an instant, assemble together so many allusions to secret circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the peace of all the families and friends he is acquainted with in a quarter of an hour, and yet the next moment be the best natured man in the whole world. If you would see passion in its purity, without mixture of reason, be-

hold it represented in a mad hero, drawn by a mad poet. Nat. Lee makes his Alexander say thus:—

“ Away, begone, and give a whirlwind room,  
Or I will blow you up like dust ! Avaunt !  
Madness but meanly represents my toil  
Eternal discord,  
Fury, revenge, disdain, and indignation.  
Tear my sworn breast ! Make way for fire and tempest !  
My brain is burst, debate and reason quench'd ;  
The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart  
Splits with the rack, while passions, like the wind,  
Rise up to heaven, and put out all the stars.”

Every passionate fellow in town talks half the day with as little consistency, and threatens things as much out of his power.

The next disagreeable person to the outrageous gentleman is one of a much lower order of anger, and he is what we commonly call a peevish fellow. A peevish fellow is one who has some reason in himself for being out of humour, or has a natural incapacity for delight, and therefore disturbs all, who are happier than himself, with pishes and pshaws, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his presence. There should be physic mixed in the food of all which these fellows eat in good company. This degree of anger passes, forsooth, for a delicacy of judgment, that won't admit of being easily pleased ; but none above the character of wearing a peevish man's livery ought to bear with his ill-manners. All things among men of sense and condition should pass the censure, and have the protection of the eye of reason.

No man ought to be tolerated in a habitual humour, whim, or particularity of behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for bread. Next to the peevish fellow is the snarler. This gentleman mightily in what we call the irony ; and as tho' it



of people exert themselves most against those below them, you see their humour best in their talk to their servants; "That is so like you,—You are a fine fellow;—Thou art the quickest headpiece," and the like. One would think the hectoring, the storming, the sullen, and all the different species and subordinations of the angry should be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned men; and how pitiful is the condition of being only suffered? But I am interrupted by the pleasantest scene of anger and the disappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard, as I sat in the back room at a French bookseller's. There came into the shop a very learned man, with an erect solemn air, and, though a person of great parts, otherwise slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. The composure of the faulty man, and the whimsical perplexity of him that was justly angry, is perfectly new. After turning over many volumes, said the seller to the buyer, "Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you." "Sir," said the chapman, "I have often looked for it, but cannot find it; it is certainly lost, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago." "Then, Sir, here is the other volume, I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both." "My friend," replied he, "canst thou be so senseless as not to know that one volume is as imperfect in my library as in your shop?" "Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first volume, and, to be short, I will be paid." "Sir," answered the chapman, "you are a young man, your book is lost, and learn by this little loss to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with." "Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must; but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me." "Friend, you grow warm, I tell

you the book is lost, and I foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle." "Sir, there is in this case no need of bearing, for you have the book." "I say, Sir, I have not the book, but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation of yourself to the distresses of this life: nay, do not fret and fume, it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit, and an impatient spirit is never without wo." "Was ever any thing like this?" "Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle, but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore let me advise you, be patient; the book is lost, but do not you for that reason lose yourself."

T.

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*Hi narrata ferunt alio : mensuraque ficti  
Crescit ; et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.*

OVID. Met. lib. xii, ver. 57.

Some tell what they have heard, or tales devise ;  
Each fiction still improv'd with added lies.

OVID describes the palace of Fame as situated in the very centre of the universe, and perforated with so many windows and avenues as gave her the sight of every thing that was done in the heavens, in the earth, and in the sea. The structure of it was contrived in so admirable a manner, that it echoed every word which was spoken in the whole compass of nature; so that the palace, says the poet, was always filled with a confused hubbub of low dying sounds, the voices being almost spent and worn out before they arrived at this general rendezvous of speeches and whispers.

I consider courts with the same regard to the governments which they superintend, as Ovid's palace of Fame with regard to the universe: the eyes of a watchful minister run through the whole people: There is scarce a murmur or complaint that does not reach his ears. They have news-gatherers and intelligencers distributed into their several walks and quarters, who bring in their respective quotas, and make them acquainted with the discourse and conversation of the whole kingdom or commonwealth, where they are employed. The wisest of kings, alluding to these invisible and unsuspected spies, who are planted by kings and rulers over their fellow citizens, as well as to those voluntary informers that are buzzing about the ears of a great man, and making their court by such secret methods of intelligence, has given us a very prudent caution: "Curse not the king, no not in thy thought, and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber; for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

As it is absolutely necessary for rulers to make use of other people's eyes and ears, they should take particular care to do it in such a manner, that it may not bear too hard on the person whose life and conversation are inquired into. A man who is capable of so infamous a calling as that of a spy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great ties of honour, or checks of conscience, to restrain him in those covert evidences, where the person accused has no opportunity of vindicating himself. He will be more industrious to carry that which is grateful, than that which is true. There will be no occasion for him, if he does not hear and see things worth discovery; so that he naturally inflames every word and circumstance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and misrepres-

sents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted, but that such ignominious wretches let their private passions into these their clandestine informations, and often wreak their particular spite or malice against the person whom they are set to watch. It is a pleasant scene enough, which an Italian author describes between a spy and a cardinal who employed him. The cardinal is represented as minuting down every thing that is told him; the spy begins with a low voice. "Such-an-one, the advocate, whispered to one of his friends, within my hearing, that your eminence was a very great poltroon:" and after having given his patron time to take it down, adds, "that another called him a mercenary rascal in a public conversation." The cardinal replies, "Very well," and bids him go on. The spy proceeds, and loads him with reports of the same nature, till the cardinal rises in great wrath, calls him an impudent scoundrel, and kicks him out of the room.

It is observed of great and heroic minds, that they have not only shown a particular disregard to those unmerited reproaches which have been cast upon them, but have been altogether free from that impertinent curiosity of inquiring after them, or the poor revenge of resenting them. The histories of Alexander and Cæsar are full of this kind of instances. Vulgar souls are of a quite contrary character. Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, had a dungeon, which was a very curious piece of architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are still to be seen some remains in that island. It was called Dionysius's ear, and built with several little windings and labyrinths in the form of a real ear. The structure of it made it a kind of whispering place, but such a one as gathered the voice of him who spoke into a funnel, which was placed at the very top of it. The tyrant used to lodge all his



state criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any evil designs upon him, in this dungeon. He had at the same time an apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the funnel, and by that means overheard every thing that was whispered in the dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a Cæsar or an Alexander would have rather died by the treason, than have used such disingenuous means for the detecting it.

A man, who, in ordinary life, is very inquisitive after every thing which is spoken ill of him, passes his time but very indifferently; he is wounded by every arrow that is shot at him, and puts it in the power of every insignificant enemy to disquiet him: nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him, when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this reason I could never bear one of those officious friends, that would be telling every malicious report, every idle censure that passed upon me. The tongue of man is so petulant, and his thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too great a stress upon any present speeches and opinions. Praise and obloquy proceed very frequently out of the same mouth, upon the same person, and upon the same occasion. A generous enemy will sometimes bestow commendations, as the dearest friend cannot sometimes refrain from speaking ill. The man, who is indifferent in either of these respects, gives his opinion at random, and praises or disapproves as he finds himself in humour.

I shall conclude this essay with part of a character which is finely drawn by the Earl of Clarendon, in the first book of his history, and which gives us the lively picture of a great man teasing himself with an absurd curiosity.

“He had not that application and submission, and reverence for the queen as might have been expected from his wisdom and breeding, and often

crossed her pretences and desires with more rudeness than was natural to him ; yet he was impertinently solicitous to know what her majesty said of him in private, and what resentments she had towards him. And when by some confidants, who had their ends upon him from these offices, he was informed of some bitter expressions fallen from her majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented with the sense of it, that, sometimes by passionate complaints and representations to the king, sometimes by more dutiful addresses and expostulations with the queen in bewailing his misfortune, he frequently exposed himself, and left his condition worse than it was before, and the eclairsissement commonly ended in the discovery of the persons from whom he had received his most secret intelligence."

C.

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*Parturiunt montes* —————

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 139.

The mountain labours, and is brought to béd.

IT gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know, that the ordinary quack doctors, who publish their great abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are, to a man, impostors and murderers; yet, such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this

promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to-day, a paper, given into my hands by a fellow without a nose, tells us, as follows, what good news is come to town, to wit, that there is now a certain cure for the French disease, by a gentleman just come from his travels.

“ In Russel Court, over against the Cannon Ball, at the Surgeon’s Arms in Drury Lane, is lately come from his travels a Surgeon, who hath practised surgery and physic, both by sea and land, these twenty-four years. He (by the blessing) cures the yellow jaundice, green sickness, scurvy, dropsy, surfeits, long sea voyages, campaigns, and women’s miscarriages, lying-in, &c.; as some people that have been lame these thirty years can testify: in short, he cureth all diseases incident to men, women, or children.”

If a man could be so indolent as to look upon this havoc of the human species which is made by vice and ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous work to comment upon the declaration of this accomplished traveller. There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in these who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, dote excessively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself without any enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance, are no less complaisant than the others, for they venture their lives from the same admiration.

The doctor has lately come from his travels, and

has practised both by sea and land, and therefore cures the green sickness, long sea voyages, campaigns, and lying-in. Both by sea and land! I will not answer for the distempers called sea voyages and campaigns; but I dare say those of green sickness and lying-in might be as well taken care of if the doctor staid ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little, to keep up their astonishment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in your sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea monster, has a twine cord, strained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words, rainy, dry, wet, and so forth, written, to denote the weather according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this; but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all encumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbling in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each side; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement; and if my friend had had only the skeleton and kit, he must have been contented with a less payment. But the doctor we were talking of adds to his long voyages the testimony of some people that have been thirty years lame. When I received my paper, a sagacious fellow took one at the same time, and read till he came to the thirty years' confinement of his friends, and



went off very well convinced of the doctor's sufficiency. You have many of these prodigious persons, who have had some extraordinary accident at their birth, or a great disaster in some part of their lives. Any thing, however foreign from the business the people want of you, will convince them of your ability in that you profess. There is a doctor in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bills set forth, lost an eye in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shows the muster-roll, which confirms, that he was in his imperial majesty's troops; and he puts out their eyes with great success. Who would believe, that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were both bursten? But Charles Ingolston, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asseveration. The generality go upon their first conception, and think no farther; all the rest is granted. They take it, that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front: and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye on my twentieth paper, "More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!" But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great man; to wit, that from eight to twelve, and from two till six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for threepence.

T.

Φημὶ πολυχρόνιην μελετην εμεναι, φιλε' καὶ δῆ  
 Ταυτὴν ἀνθρώποισι τελευτώσαν φύσιν εἶναι.

Long exercise, my friend, inures the mind,  
 And what we once dislik'd we pleasing find.

THERE is not a common saying which has a better turn of sense in it than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that custom is a second nature. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plot, in his history of Staffordshire, tells us of an idiot that, chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck; the clock being spoiled by some accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain, that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I shall in this paper consider one very remarkable effect which custom has upon human nature, and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful rules of life. What I shall here take notice of in custom is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without

it; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an exercise becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diversions. The mind grows fond of those actions she is accustomed to, and is drawn with reluctance from those paths in which she has been used to walk.

Not only such actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as were painful, will by custom and practice become pleasant. Sir Francis Bacon observes, in his *Natural Philosophy*, that our taste is never pleased better than with those things which at first created a disgust in it. He gives particular instances of claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first taste; but when it has once got a relish of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is constituted after the same manner, and, after having habituated herself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses her first aversion towards it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, that notwithstanding such an employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil or Cicero. The reader will observe, that I have not here considered custom as it makes things easy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the same reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those uses from it with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

If we consider attentively this property of human

nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life or series of action, in which the choice of others, or his own necessities may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first; but use and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place, I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which Pythagoras is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon: *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum*; "Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful." Men, whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since, by the rule above mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man, to overlook those hardships and difficulties which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. "The gods," said Hesiod, "have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the farther you advance in it." The man who proceeds in it with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.

To enforce this consideration, we may farther observe, that the practice of religion will not



only be attended with that pleasure which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart, that rise from the consciousness of such a pleasure, from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason, and from the prospect of an happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation, which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent diversions and entertainments, since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by degrees exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is to show how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call heaven will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it; we must, in this world, gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her during this her present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

On the other hand, those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits

of lust and sensuality, malice and revenge, an aversion to every thing that is good, just, or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery: their torments have already taken root in them. They cannot be happy when divested of the body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may indeed taste a kind of malignant pleasure in those actions to which they are accustomed whilst in this life: but when they are removed from all those objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful habits of mind which are called, in scripture phrase, the "worm which never dies." This notion of heaven and hell is so very conformable to the light of nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted heathens; it has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the last age, as in particular by Archbishop Tillotson and Dr Sherlock, but there is none who has raised such noble speculations upon it as Dr. Scott, in the first book of his *Christian Life*, which is one of the finest and most rational schemes of divinity that is written in our tongue or in any other. That excellent author has shown how every particular custom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the heaven, or a state of happiness, in him who shall hereafter practise it; as, on the contrary, how every custom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it subsists.

C.

*De quo libelli in celeberrimis locis proponuntur, huic ne perire quidem tacite conceditur.*

TULL.

The man whose conduct is publicly arraigned, is not suffered even to be ruined quietly.

OTWAY, in his tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, has described the misery of a man, whose effects are in the hands of the law, with great spirit. The bitterness of being the scorn and laughter of base minds, the anguish of being insulted by men hardened beyond the sense of shame or pity, and the injury of a man's fortune being wasted, under pretence of justice, are excellently aggravated in the following speech of Pierre to Jaffier :—

I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,  
And found them guarded by a troop of villains ;  
The sons of public rapine were destroying.  
They told me, by the sentence of the law,  
They had commission to seize all thy fortune ;  
Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.  
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face  
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,  
Tumbled into a heap for public sale.  
There was another making villanous jests  
At thy undoing : he had ta'en possession  
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments ;  
Rich hangings intermix'd and wrought with gold ;  
The very bed which on thy wedding night  
Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,  
The scene of all thy joys was violated  
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,  
And thrown amongst the common lumber.

Nothing indeed can be more unhappy than the condition of bankruptcy. The calamity which

happens to us by ill fortune, or by the injury of others, has in it some consolation; but what arises from our own misbehaviour or error, is the state of the most exquisite sorrow. When a man considers not only an ample fortune, but even the very necessities of life, his pretence to food itself at the mercy of his creditors, he cannot but look upon himself in the state of the dead, with his case thus much worse, that the last office is performed by his adversaries instead of his friends. From this hour the cruel world does not only take possession of his whole fortune, but even of every thing else, which had no relation to it. All his indifferent actions have new interpretations put upon them; and those, whom he has favoured in his former life, discharge themselves of their obligations to him by joining in the reproaches of his enemies. It is almost incredible that it should be so; but it is too often seen that there is a pride mixed with the impatience of the creditor, and there are who would rather recover their own by the downfall of a prosperous man, than be discharged to the common satisfaction of themselves and their creditors. The wretched man, who was lately master of abundance, is now under the direction of others; and the wisdom, economy, good sense, and skill in human life before, by reason of his present misfortune, are of no use to him in the disposition of any thing. The incapacity of an infant or a lunatic is designed for his provision and accommodation: but that of a bankrupt, without any mitigation in respect of the accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter ruin, except there be a remainder ample enough, after the discharge of his creditors, to bear also the expense of rewarding those by whose means the effect of all his labours was transferred from



him. This man is to look on and see others giving directions upon what terms and conditions his goods are to be purchased, and all this usually done, not with an air of trustees to dispose of his effects, but destroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

There is something sacred in misery to great and good minds ; for this reason all wise lawgivers have been extremely tender how they let loose even the man who has right on his side, to act with any mixture of resentment against the defendant. Virtuous and modest men, though they be used with some artifice, and have it in their power to avenge themselves, are slow in the application of that power, and are ever constrained to go into rigorous measures. They are careful to demonstrate themselves not only persons injured, but also that to bear it longer would be a means to make the offender injure others, before they proceed. Such men clap their hands upon their hearts, and consider what it is to have at their mercy the life of a citizen. Such would have it to say to their own souls, if possible, that they were merciful when they could have destroyed, rather than when it was in their power to have spared a man they destroyed. This is due to the common calamity of human life, due in some measure to our very enemies. They who scruple doing the least injury are cautious of exacting the utmost justice.

Let any one who is conversant in the variety of human life reflect upon it, and he will find the man who wants mercy has a taste of no enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural disrelish of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world. He is ever extremely partial to himself in all his actions, and has no

sense of iniquity but from the punishment which shall attend it. The law of the land is his gospel, and all his cases of conscience are determined by his attorney. Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of a miserable man; that riches are the instruments of serving the purposes of heaven or hell, according to the disposition of the possessor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all that are in their power, and choose to do one or other as they are affected with love or hatred to mankind. As for such who are insensible of the concerns of others, but merely as they affect themselves, these men are to be valued only for their mortality, and we hope better things from their heirs. I could not but read with great delight a letter from an eminent citizen, who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better fortune, and able by his countenance to retrieve his lost condition.

“ SIR,

“ It is in vain to multiply words and make apologies for what is never to be defended by the best advocate in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. All that a man in my condition can do or say, will be received with prejudice by the generality of mankind, but I hope not with you: you have been a great instrument in helping me to get what I have lost, and I know (for that reason as well as kindness to me) you cannot but be in pain to see me undone. To show you I am not a man incapable of bearing calamity, I will, though a poor man, lay aside the distinction between us, and talk with the frankness we did when we were nearer to an equality: as all I do will be received with prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with partiality. What I desire of you is, that

you, who are courted by all, would smile upon me who am shunned by all. Let that grace and favour which your fortune throws upon you, be turned to make up the coldness and indifference that is used towards me. All good and generous men will have an eye of kindness for me for my own sake, and the rest of the world will regard me for yours.

There is a happy contagion in riches, as well as a destructive one in poverty: the rich can make rich without parting with any of their store, and the conversation of the poor makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be accounted for I know not; but men's estimation follows us according to the company we keep. If you are what you were to me, you can go a great way towards my recovery; if you are not, my good fortune, if it ever returns, will return by slower approaches.

I am, Sir,

“Your affectionate friend,

“and humble servant.”

This was answered with a condescension that did not, by long impertinent professions of kindness, insult his distress, but was as follows:—

“DEAR TOM,

“I am very glad to hear that you have heart enough to begin the world a second time. I assure you I do not think your numerous family at all diminished (in the gifts of nature for which I have ever so much admired them) by what has so lately happened to you. I shall not only countenance your affairs with my appearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a considerable sum at common interest for three years. You know I

could make more of it; but I have so great a love for you, that I can wave opportunities of gain to help you; for I do not care whether they say of me after I am dead, that I had an hundred or fifty thousand pounds more than I wanted when I was living.

“Your obliged humble servant.”

T.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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